

D I A L O G U E S

A N D

L E T T E R S

O N

M O R A L I T Y, Œ C O N O M Y,

A N D

P O L I T E N E S S,

F O R T H E

IMPROVEMENT and ENTERTAINMENT  
of YOUNG FEMALE MINDS.

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V O L. III.

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By the AUTHOR of DIALOGUES on the FIRST  
PRINCIPLES of RELIGION.

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L O N D O N,

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# Dialogues, Letters, &c.

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## L E T T E R   X L I X .

MISS SEAMORE to MRS. HARCOURT.

HONORED MADAM,

**I** TAKE the first opportunity I can to write to you, as you desired I would; and indeed I should if you had not, to thank you for the care you have taken of me, and the many favours you have shewn me during the time I have had the pleasure of being with you. When first I heard that I was to stay five weeks, I thought it sounded a great while, and I was afraid I should have been quite tired of being so long from home. But you was so obliging to take such care to amuse me, that I found the time very short, and wished much not to leave you so soon. My mamma has just been looking over what I have written, and she says, it is very rude to tell you that I expected to find the time of my visit long: but as I afterwards say, that I really did find it short, I think that will excuse my first uncivil speech, at least I hope

you will pardon it ; and as I have not much time for writing, it will be a pity to throw this all away to begin again : I will take more care for the future, and not be so rude. My sister is soon going to stay with my aunt for a few days ; I am glad of it, for I am sure she will like it ; but I shall not like parting with her at all, for I never feel comfortable when she is not with me. How strange I think it is, that brothers and sisters should ever quarrel and disagree, and yet sometimes they do. There are two Miss *Frogs* live near us, and they don't seem to love one another at all, or care whether each other is hurt or pleased ; or whether they are together or separate. One time when the youngest had been out for above four months, I asked her sister if she did not want her back again ? What should I want her for, said she, I don't know any use she is of to me ; I can do just as well without her as with her. I thought it did sound so *cross* and ill-natured to say so, and not at all as if she loved her sister ; so I asked her if she did not love her ? Yes, said she, I love her well enough, but I don't want her much. I am sure she is very different to *Betsy* and me, for we hate to be parted, nor can we ever enjoy any thing ourselves, if the other is not as much pleased too. I remember one time a great while ago, when my mamma was angry with my sister for something she

she had done wrong, I cried as much as she did about it, and could not eat any dinner, because it made me so unhappy to see her in trouble. And when any thing is the matter with me, she always is as sorry for me, for we do love one another *dearly*, and I dare say we always shall as long as we live. I think now, Ma'am, I have written enough to tire you with reading it, for I have nothing particular to tell you, except that we are to go some night next week to the Play. I expect to like it prodigiously, for I cannot fancy what sort of a place, with a *pit* and a number of *boxes* in it, can be. When I have seen it, I will let you know how I like it.

*I am, honored Madam,*

*Your obliged and dutiful Grand-Daughter,*

HARRIOT SEAMORE.

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## L E T T E R L.

Mrs. HARCOURT to Miss SEAMORE.

DEAR HARRIOT,

**Y**OU cannot think what pleasure the receipt of your pretty letter gave me. I am sure it well deserves to be called *pretty*, because it is  
wrote

wrote so well, and the letters are all so clear and large, that I can see to read it without my spectacles. I am very glad you did not throw it away after you began it, because you had honestly spoke your mind about coming to see me. Pray tell your mamma, that I desire she will never stop any thing you chuse to say when you are writing to me; for I like to know your *own* real opinion about things, and I did not at all wonder that you did not much like the thoughts of quitting home to come to see such an old woman as I am: and I assure you, if you had continued of the same mind after, as well as before your visit, I should not at all be offended or surprised at you. But if you found your time pass better than you expected, I am heartily glad of it; and hope it will induce you some other time, when your parents can spare you, to favor me for a few weeks again; for I can promise you, your chearful prattle and play diverted me greatly, and gave me very sincere pleasure to see you so good. I much approve of those remarks you make in your letter about brothers and sisters quarrelling; and agree with you, that it is a *strange* thing they should ever do so: and I am sure it is likewise very *wicked*, as well as foolish, and must totally destroy all peace and happiness. I called one day since you left me at Mrs. *Jackson's*, and there I found Master *James* and *Peter* (the one  
three

three, the other four years old) crying and sobbing with their hands tied behind them, and their faces and necks all over bruises and scratches, which they had given each other in a battle they had just had about a wooden horse. As *Tom* is a little boy, I suppose he will like to hear about other little boys ; so I will tell you the history, and you may read it to him as follows. *James Jackson* was playing with his horse, and *Peter* wanted it ; but *James* did not chuse at that time to part with it, as he was going to harness it to his cart ; and whilst he turned round to get his cart, *Peter* snatched it up, and ran away with it, *James* ran after him, overtook him, and got hold of the horse ; but *Peter* held fast by the tail ; till at last one pulling, and the other pulling, it came off in *Peter's* hand ; which so provoked *James*, that he gave his brother a blow on the shoulder with the nose of the horse, which happening to be peaked, and a little harder than *Peter's* skin, broke its way through, and made a small hole on his shoulder. This wound he resented with the utmost fury, and attacked *James* most violently with his fists and nails ; which *James* was no ways backward in returning : so that when their brother *Tom* came to them, (for he was the first who discovered them) he found them covered all over with blood and wounds. He in vain endeavoured to part them, but could not possibly  
do



do it, as they were both in such passions, that upon his taking hold of them, they scratched and tore his hands as much as they had before done each other's faces, necks, and arms. Poor *Tom* did not know what to do about it, for he did not like to tell tales of them to their papa or mamma; neither could he bear to let them continue their battle. But he was soon put out of that distress by the arrival of his father, who happened to come to the place where his two sons, like a couple of tigers, were engaged. His presence and authority soon put a stop to the affray, and he carried them both in doors, where he kept talking to them till they were cool and out of their passions; when he told them, that if they chose to beat, scratch, and fight each other, he should certainly punish them for such bad behaviour; and if beating was what they liked, they should have as much as they chose. He then took them up one after the other, and whipped them both most severely indeed; and when he had done, tied their hands, telling them, if they did not know how to make better use of them, they should not have them to use at all. And while they were standing in their state of disgrace, I went in and saw them. I was very sorry to find them in such a condition, but I am sure the punishment they received was not more than they deserved for their crimes. To think  
of



of brothers or sisters quarrelling is dreadful indeed. I trust, as you say, you and your sister will always love each other; and believe me, by so doing, you will secure to yourselves one of the greatest blessings upon earth. What do you think could compensate your mamma and aunt for the loss of that affection they feel towards each other? Neither *riches*, *grandeur*, or *titles* have it in their power to afford any real and substantial pleasure; but the conversation of an affectionate friend (such as all sisters ought to be to each other) bestows a satisfaction to our hearts beyond any thing that can be found in other outward objects. Nor do we, by cultivating love towards our families, alone secure an unspeakable blessing to ourselves, but likewise at the same time render ourselves acceptable to God; for he beholds with pleasure, those who endeavour to promote the happiness of, and shew kindness to their fellow creatures. “ *Behold* (says he by his servant *David*) *how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.*” And throughout the whole of the sacred writings, love towards mankind in general, and to our kindred in particular, is every where mentioned as necessary to render us pleasing to the *Almighty*. Cultivate, therefore, my dear good girl, that temper of mind so requisite towards making you comfortable in this world, and happy in the next. And  
for

for an incitement to this virtue, I recommend the example of your parents and aunt *Bartlate* to your constant imitation: their behaviour is such as well deserves commendation; and woe be to those children, blessed with such good patterns, if they neglect to copy after them! Don't think that by this, I mean to doubt *your* obedience to them; for I dare say you will always do as they recommend: but if you are *not* good, my dears, after the example they set you, your crime will be far more unpardonable than those who have not like you been favored with such wise and kind parents. "*To whomsoever much has been given, from them will much be required.*" And those children who have had care taken to instruct them, and refuse to do as they are advised, shall be punished in the world to come, much more severely than those who have done wrong through want of instruction. But I shall tire you (as you said to me) with my long letter, which is not half so pretty and entertaining as your's, neither will the writing recommend it as your's does, for I almost fear you will not be able to read it, my hand shakes so I cannot shape my letters as I would; but bad as it is, I hope you will be able to make out sufficient to convince you, that

*I am, with the greatest Sincerity,*

*Your affectionate Grand-Mother,*

MARTHA HARCOURT.

P. S. Pray don't omit giving my love to your dear good parents, and brother and sister.

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## DIALOGUE XI.

MAMMA, HARRIOT, and BETSEY.

MAMMA.

**Y**OU look sleepy, *Betsey*: I fancy your sitting up last night did not agree with you; you have the head ache this morning, have not you?

BETSEY. No, Ma'am, not at all; and I should like to be going again this evening: I should like to go to the play every night; should not you, *Harriot*?

HARRIOT. Not *every* night; but I should like it pretty often: when shall we go again, Ma'am?

MAMMA. Not for this twelvemonth, I assure you, my dears; nor do I even promise that you will then. Your uncle so much desired you might last night, that for once I consented to it; but I do not think such kind of public amusements at all proper for girls of your age; nor at any age, to be attended so frequently as you seem to think you should like to go.

B

HARRIOT

HARRIOT. Why not, Ma'am? what harm would it do?

MAMMA. Do you think, my dear, it would be a proper manner of spending your time, to pass every day as you did yesterday? Attending to nothing in the morning but the thought of the evening, and at night setting up many hours after your health required you to be at rest? And if I mistake not, the business of to-day will be as much interrupted with what now is passed, as yesterday's was with the expectation of what was then to come.

HARRIOT. To be sure that is very true; for I cannot say I feel much inclined to learn my tasks; I have read this piece of my grammar over half a dozen times, and know no more of it than I did when I first opened the book; for instead of being able to remember it, I can think of nothing but what I saw. I am vastly glad the King and Queen and Princesses were there, for I much wished to see them.

BETSEY. So am I; and I looked so much at them, that I lost half the play, One time when the King and Queen, and every body laughed at something the actors said, I did not at all know what it was at, for I had been so long watching them, that I did not hear what passed. Did you take notice, Mamma, how good-humoured the

the youngest Princess looked when the Queen spoke to her? I wonder what they said together.

MAMMA. I wondered so too, my dear. And I could not at the time help thinking how much more attention we bestowed on them upon account of their rank, than on any of the audience besides. Whereas, in reality, their rank is of no value, and it is by superiority of *virtue* alone, that they can in any degree be more respectable than the poorest of their subjects. I do not mean that any body can be excused paying them *outward* respect, for that is due to every superior in birth and fortune; but no person of true sense will esteem them for any thing except their *merit* and *goodness*. Elevation of station, unless accompanied with becoming virtue, by rendering its professors more conspicuous, serves only to make them more universally despised, and the objects of public scorn.

BETSEY. Is it as bad for *Princes* and *Princesses* then to be naughty as it is for us?

MAMMA. Just, my love, and every crime committed is either aggravated or lessened according to the degree of knowledge the person possesses who is guilty of it. In the sight of God therefore, a naughty Prince or Princess, will appear far less excusable than a poor child, who has never been blessed with any good instruction; and as upon account of their high rank, they



will have many beholders, so will their example be of much more consequence than if they were to pass unnoticed amongst the common multitude.

BETSEY. But suppose nobody teaches them to be good, what then?

MAMMA. If they were no better informed of their duty than the meanest of their subjects, no more would be required of them; but that, my dear, I cannot suppose to be the case, few people who have it in their power to instruct, would let their children remain in ignorance: certain it is, no *good* people would, and the royal children of this nation are blessed with parents, the virtues of whose hearts shine forth as conspicuous as their station is exalted. I cannot therefore suppose, *Betsey*, that their Majesties will ever omit to have them properly instructed in their respective duties: if therefore, they neglect to perform them, they will certainly be as naughty as if you neglect your's.

BETSEY. How extremely pretty the Queen's gown looked! And did you see, mamma, how the diamonds glittered in her hair? I should like to be a Queen.

MAMMA. My dear girl, how you talk! Little do you know the cares and anxieties you wish for, when you wish to be a Queen; and sorry am I to find you should be so captivated by *out-*  
*side*



*side shew and finery*, as to imagine, that because a person is sumptuously *dressed*, they must necessarily be happy.

BETSEY. Should not you then, Ma'am, like to be Queen?

MAMMA. So little, my love, do I wish to wear a crown, that I assure you I had rather be one of the meanest of the people. It is a dangerous state to be placed upon so high an eminence. Much is expected from those who stand there. Mankind, possessed of different opinions, will not all be pleased with the same actions; and those things which by one party shall be extolled as the brightest of virtues, by the other shall be censured as abominable crimes: thus to the people a monarch can never give *universal* content; and they stand accountable to God for peculiar trusts committed to their charge. In wishing therefore, my love, to wear the diamonds of a queen, you wish for innumerable sorrows.

HARRIOT. I thought every body liked our Queen.

MAMMA. No one of that exalted station was, I believe, ever so generally, or so *justly* admired; yet truly amiable as she is, even *she* has her enemies. And supposing she had not, yet great and very numerous are the duties she has to perform. Nor should I have supposed, from your behaviour in company, my dears, that either of you would

like the necessity of being always in public, and and having every word and look watched and observed by so many beholders. If you think you should, I must beg leave to differ widely from you in opinion ; and though I think our mediocrity of station is the happiest human nature can possibly be placed in ; yet was I obliged to change, and might be allowed my choice, I had far rather be reduced to labour for my bread, than be raised to the highest sovereign upon earth : so little ambitious am I of becoming queen.

HARRIOT. And I am sure, Ma'am, you much misunderstood me, if you thought I said I should like it, for I should not the least in the world. I should hate never to be able to stir without guards and soldiers about me, as if I was a prisoner.

MAMMA. I believe there is not much chance of our ever being raised to that dignity ; but as I would wish you to be able to make a respectable figure in the world, though unadorned with royal diamonds : I must now beg to have a little attention paid to your morning's business ; or if *books* are quite unintelligible to-day, and I permit you to apply only to dancing and music, I hope it will convince you, that *plays* every night, would be most highly improper for you to be indulged with.

## DIALOGUE

## DIALOGUE XII.

MAMMA, HARRIOT, and BETSEY.

MAMMA.

**S**HOULD you like, *Betsey*, if you had a little girl, to be obliged to speak to her many times about the same thing?

BETSEY. No, Ma'am.

MAMMA. And *how* often, my dear, do you think I have desired you to pull up your gloves, and not let them hang in that very untidy manner over your hands?

BETSEY. But I always forget it; they will slip down, and I don't think of pulling them up again.

MAMMA. You don't think of it! But is that any excuse? Why don't you remember it? I should suppose the feel of them would be sufficient to remind you; but if you disregarded that, after I have so frequently spoke to you about it, I am quite astonished you do not take more care to prevent their being in that slovenly way.

BETSEY. I don't think the manner one's gloves set is of much consequence.

MAMMA.

MAMMA. I think it *is* of consequence, if it makes you appear flatteringly : for though your gloves may be but a trifling part of your dress, yet if they look dirty, or untidy, people will draw just the same conclusions to your disadvantage, as if it was your frock, or your cap that was unneat. Besides, was it for no other reason but my having desired you not to let them be so, I should not expect you to say it was of no *consequence*. A good child, *Betsy*, will think *every* thing its parents desire of consequence sufficient to be attended to ; and though the thing *itself* may be a trifle, it becomes of importance the moment a father or a mother have desired it may be done. If what they require is difficult to perform, it is *not* a *trifle* : and if it is easy to be complied with, the *fault* is the greater, by refusing what could be so *easily* done. Never therefore, my dear, think you stand excused from a performance of what I desire, because it appears of no *consequence* ; since I shall judge of your willingness to oblige, by *small* as well as *great* actions.

HARRIOT. But if we do forget things, what must we do, Ma'am ? I am sure I always *try* to remember what you tell me.

MAMMA. And generally, my dear, I think you do remember pretty well, because you do *try* to *endeavour* to do so. Sometimes a person may chance to forget what they would wish not ; but in com-

mon,

mon, if people are *inclined* to do as they are desired, their memories will be sufficiently good not to let them omit it. But nobody will be able to remember what is said, if they will not *attend* when they are spoke to; but only hear the words of the speaker, as they would those of a parrot, without endeavouring to imprint them on their minds. And whoever does so, loses many advantages they might enjoy of gaining knowledge and instruction. The ablest teachers in the world can be of no service to those who *forget* the advice given them as soon as it is delivered. And how can those people ever grow wise, who cannot remember the information given them?

HARRIOT. That is very true, Ma'am; but I don't see how if a person does *really* forget, they can possibly remember.

MAMMA. By *endeavouring* to do so, my love, I do not say that all people are blessed with equally strong memories; but those who have bad ones may much improve them by their own care and assiduity: that is, I mean paying attention to what they hear or read, and by frequently afterwards recalling in their minds, and *conning* over what they want to retain. Thus, if you think you shall not otherwise remember what I told you this morning, " That *Antioch* was a city in *Syria*, and that the disciples of *Christ* were there first called Christians. And that *Greece* was the  
 " country



"country most famous for learning amongst the heathens. And *Athens*, a city in *Greece*, was more remarkable than any other for its learning. That *Corinth* likewise was another city in *Greece*, which was favored with the preaching of *St. Paul*, and many of its inhabitants converted to christianity by him, and two of his epistles were addressed to them." If, I say, you shall not remember these things, recollect and *say* them over to yourself four or five times a day, till you have impressed them on your memories: and I dare say any thing you so *strive* to remember, you will find that you do not forget. And if *Betsey* would at the time I speak to her, consider my words as intended for her good, and necessary to be minded, she would soon find her memory sufficiently good to retain all my advice and instructions.

BETSEY. I will try, Ma'am, and remember what you say.

MAMMA. I hope you will, my dear, and never again think what I desire you to do is of no *consequence*, for it is of great consequence whether you are a good girl; and that no child can be, who does not mind its parents, and endeavour in all things to do as they desire and advise.

BETSEY. I *will* be good indeed, Ma'am, and not say so again.

MAMMA.



MAMMA. I dare say you will not, my love ; for when you come to think about it you will be convinced, that it is only for *your* advantage we advise you to what is right. It is nothing to *me* (any otherwise than as I *love* you, I do not like to see you act wrong) whether you look clever and tidy, or flatteringly and disagreeable. It is the duty of every mother to take all the pains she can with her children to make them behave properly, and as they ought to do. But if children will not remember what is said to them, it is then intirely their *own* faults if they do not improve, and the whole blame will fall upon them only, and not their parents. Believe me therefore, my dears, I have no other motive but *your good*, to induce me at any time to blame or object to what you do. Don't therefore, like foolish girls, think I am *cross* because I tell you of your faults ; but be assured my only motive is for the sake of rendering you more perfect and agreeable. If you chuse to stand on one foot till you grow crooked, or stoop your heads till you become hump-backed, it will make no alteration in *my* shape, nor will people think me more awkward because you make yourselves look so. Neither, if you do those things which are still worse, and really wicked, shall I be to be punished for your crimes. Yourselfs alone must be answerable for your own actions, and be approved or censured accordingly,

accordingly. It is therefore the filliest thing in the world, for children to be out of humour when told of their errors, or to think their friends *cross* for telling them. For on the contrary, such constant attention to them is the greatest kindness they can possibly shew; and however young folks may think, it is very troublesome and disagreeable. Much easier would it be to let them continue in all their ugly ungraceful ways, than to be perpetually watching them, and speaking about it. I am sure, was it not that I look upon it as my *indispensable duty* to render you in every respect the most perfect I can, I should spare myself the trouble of constantly watching your every word and action as I now do. Be convinced, therefore, it is entirely for your sakes that I ever *tease* you (as perhaps you may think it) to do what I think best.

HARRIOT. I am sure, Ma'am, we never call it *teazing*, or ever think it so; but are always much obliged to you for all the good advice you are so kind as to give us, and know that it is entirely, as you say, for our advantage that you take so much trouble with us. I am sure we are much obliged to you, and we were saying yesterday, we wished we knew how to repay all your kindness.

MAMMA. O! my dears, it is easily in your powers to repay it all, by behaving well. I neither

ther expect, or *wish* any other acknowledgment. The highest satisfaction I can have in this world, is to see you virtuous and good ; all my care is to make you be so ; and if you *are*, I am sufficiently repaid. You need therefore be under no concern how to requite my anxiety : be *good*, and I shall feel the greatest blessing upon earth.

BETSEY. We will Ma'am, indeed we will.

MAMMA. I don't doubt it, my love ; I will readily do you both the justice to acknowledge, you are the two best girls I know. *Harriot* is remarkably attentive to what I say, and very seldom gives me occasion to speak twice for the same thing ; and by the time you are as old, I dare say you will be so too : at present you are rather more forgetful than I could wish ; but that I know you will endeavour to mend, and be in every respect as good as your sister. And if all children would but behave as well, and be as thankful for instruction, the world would soon be improved, and the rising generation be much better than those already past.

BETSEY. How do you mean, Ma'am, that the rising generation would be better than those that are past ?

MAMMA. I mean, my dear, if all who are now young would follow the example, and be as good as my children ; there is no doubt but that when grown up, they would make good

men and women ; and if *all* were so, the world would be better than it now is, since I am sorry to say, there are numbers who are very naughty and wicked. But other people being so will be no excuse for us you know : we are not to answer for others faults, though we shall be severely punished for own. Endeavour therefore at *all* times to do *right*, and think nothing which is so below your care ; since to gain any degree of proficiency in virtue, we must make it a constant rule to do every thing in the *best* manner we can, whether the event be *trifling* or important.

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## L E T T E R   L I.

Miss SEAMORE to Mrs. HARCOURT.

HONORED MADAM,

**I** TOLD you in my last letter that we were going to the play. We went last *Thursday* and were much entertained indeed. The play was the *Busy Body* ; and it is very droll to see the number of mistakes that *Marplot* makes : but I suppose, Ma'am, you know the play. The King and Queen, four of the princes, and three of the princesses were there. We were glad to see so many of them.

My

My sister says, she took more notice of them than she did of the actors, and thinks she should like to be a queen. Every body appeared vastly fond of the Queen, and when she came in, made such a noise of rejoicing as would have surpris'd you. They did not make quite so much at the King's entrance, though that was almost sufficient to stun any body, and so they did when the Princes and Princesses came in. I found the Play-house very different to what I expected, for I had always fancied the pit to be much lower than all the rest, so that the peoples heads who sat there only came just above the floor. And the boxes I thought were more like closets shut up, with only a small hole to look out at, but I was much mistaken; if therefore I never go to another play, I am glad I have been to this one, that I may be able to understand what people talk about, which I never have before, when I heard them talk about the *galleries*, and *boxes*, and *pit*. And I like to understand what is said. This is but a very short letter to send you, considering you was so obliging as to write me so long a one, and to express yourself pleased with what I last wrote; but Mr. *Quill* is coming this morning, and if I don't leave off my hand will be too much tired to write during the hour he stays with us. You must therefore, dear Ma'am, excuse my writing



any more at present, than to give my papa and mamma's duty, and to assure how much I am,

*Your obliged and dutiful Grand-Daughter,*

HARRIOT SEAMORE.

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## L E T T E R LII.

Mrs. HARCOURT to Miss SEAMORE.

I HAVE all my life time thought, that those people did not deserve to receive letters who would not take the trouble to answer them. That I may not therefore prove myself unworthy of your correspondence, I have taken up my pen, though I have not one entertaining incident to relate, and make it worth the postage; for an old woman's brain cannot spin such pretty *make-believe* histories out of itself, as you young ones can. So I am afraid you will find cause to repent of the agreement you made of writing to me, and begin to despise your poor old grandmother for her stupidity: but take care not to condemn her too severely, lest when you come to be seventy-eight you should not be much brighter. I will tell you what! People should never laugh at others' infirmities,



infirmities : the *strong* should never despise the *weak* ; for human nature is composed of such delicate texture, it is liable to be crushed in a moment, and those who are the cleverest to-day, may to-morrow be reduced to a state of idiotism. I have seen so many instances of this, that was I to tell you but half, you would be tired of reading them. One I remember happened when I was young in life. Amongst a number of girls who were all of us play-fellows together, there was one Miss *Patty Blossom*, a very fine, tall, handsome girl, who danced to perfection, and was the compleatest beauty I ever saw. There was likewise amongst our number one *Sally Noak*, a girl as remarkable for her plainness, as *Patty* was for her beauty. She was crooked, squinted, was very thin, and dreadfully pale, and to add to her deformity, had by a fall cut a scar across her nose. To this poor girl, as if her infirmities were her *fault* instead of *misfortune*, many behaved very ungenerously, but none so very unkindly as Miss *Blossom*, who seldom spoke to her without insult, calling her *Squint-eye*, *Broken Nose*, and *Little Crump*, and always seemed glad of making people take notice of the difference between herself and *Sally*, by taking *particular* pains, to hold up her head, and look graceful, when she stood by the side of her. One evening they had both been to play at our house, and *Sally* complained of a pain in her face, to

which Miss *Blossom* replied, " You have always some pain I think ! If I was as ugly and full of complaints as you are, I would lock myself up in my bed-chamber, and not go into company ; for some *weeds* are best out of fight." Now to be sure, nothing could be more cruel than such behaviour, and poor *Sally* seemed a good deal hurt by it ; however she was a very good-tempered girl, and only made the following very just answer. " I don't think, Miss *Patty*, you use me generously ; the time may come you perhaps may be as ugly, and have as many complaints as I have, and may be you will not chuse to lock yourself up." *I as ugly as you !* replied *Patty*, if ever I am, I will tie my face up in a basket sooner than let it be seen to frighten every body I meet. No, Miss *Sally*, there is no chance that will ever be the case ; I must fall away a good deal to be such a *scrag* as you are ; and if I was to be thin, I hope my eyes don't squint, and my nose is not cut in half, nor my back humped, therefore I dare say I shall never be so sick as you are, for little crooked people always are. After a little altercation, the subject was dropped, and we all again joined in play. But before the evening was over, *Patty* complained of a violent pain in her head, which grew so bad she was obliged to be sent home and go to-bed. The next day the pain increased

creased, she had a violent fever with a dreadful irruption all over her as full as possible. For above a fortnight her life was despaired of; and when the distemper began to abate, she was left a most miserable spectacle to behold. That beauty which she so foolishly valued herself for, was intirely gone, and scars and seams covered her face instead. And one of those eyes she so short a time before supposed would always continue superior to Miss Noak's, was quite lost, and the other rendered so weak as scarcely to be able to bear the light; whilst added to the rest, the virulence of the distemper was so great, as to cause a terrible sore under her knee, which contracted in such a manner she never afterwards could walk without a stick. To this dreadful state of deformity was that girl reduced, who so lately gave pleasure to all beholders; and who arrogantly supposed herself beyond the reach of such misfortunes. It was a severe stroke upon her, but a useful lesson to all those who either knew or only hear of her, and should teach us how extremely wrong it is to value ourselves upon any perfections we may suppose we possess, since as they are not the gifts of our own hands, so neither can we preserve them one moment longer than the Almighty sees fitting. To him, therefore, we should give the glory for every advantage either of body or mind, and by striving to  
use

use them to promote the happiness of our fellow creatures, make the best return in our power for such peculiar favours. You, my good girl, are very sensible I dare say of the justice of this remark, and are so well convinced, that it is God, and not yourself, who bestows upon you that superiority you possess above many of your companions, that I trust you are in no danger of falling into the crime of Miss *Blossom*, and many other foolish Misses besides. I don't know whether I have tired *you* with this long letter, but I assure you, I have tired myself writing it, and must therefore begin to think of leaving you, so before give my best love to your father and mother, and to your brother and sister, and tell her I wonder at her wishes of becoming a Queen, and fancy if she knew all the trouble attending royalty, she would be thankful for her present private station: though were all Kings and Queens to behave like *ours*, there would be less reason to look with an eye of dread upon their dignity. I am sorry to hear the King was not better received upon his entrance into the theatre; but I comfort myself upon the occasion (in the same manner as no doubt he does) with the thought of its being one of the thorns inseparable from sovereignty, not to be able to give *content* to the ever-clamorous and dissatisfied multitude. This has ever been the case with those in power,  
and

and ever will continue to be so whilst the world is inhabited with such faulty beings as at present it is. Kings, therefore, as well as other men, should endeavour to render themselves pleasing in the sight of an impartial God, by diligently pursuing their duty, and then regard not what every discontented tongue may say against them. But hold! I am sure it is time I should leave off, as I seem to have forgot to whom I am writing, and am giving a lecture upon government instead of dolls, which I dare say, you would much better like. That I may not again fall into the same, or any other error, I will this moment subscribe myself,

*Your very affectionate Grand-Mother,*

MARTHA HARCOURT,

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## L E T T E R LIII.

Mrs. BARTLATE to Miss SEAMORE.

I HAVE been prevented writing as soon as I intended, my dear *Harriot*, by a melancholy circumstance, which has taken up much of my time and attention, and still continues to employ my thoughts. But as you are a girl of sensibility



lity, and feel for the misfortunes of your fellow creatures, I will tell you the whole affair; though perhaps it may be of such a nature as to make you wish I had spared you the trouble of reading it. About three weeks ago, as I was walking in the elm-walk in my garden, I heard a child crying in the field adjoining; and as that is no very uncommon sound, for some time I took no notice of it: till by its long continuance it drew my attention, and listening, I heard the voice of a child, in mournful fobbing accents saying, " Do get up! pray do! I cannot lift you if you won't! O! what shall I do!" As the poor thing seemed as if in sad distress, and I heard no one answer, I went round to see what was the matter; but how shall I describe my feelings when I found a tidy woman laying motionless on the grass, with a little infant sleeping at her breast, and a girl about four years old standing at her head endeavouring to lift her up. A dog setting by, watched them with the greatest attention, and upon my going towards them, got up and walked growling round, as if ready to guard them from any harm. When I first drew near, the little girl looked at me, and for a few moments ceased crying; but soon without taking any farther notice, repeated her intreaties to her mother to get up; and putting her arms round her neck, exerted all her strength to

raise

raise her. But the poor woman, who was in a fit, remained insensible to all her prayers and little efforts to restore her. I took the babe, which lay sleeping, unconscious of its misfortunes, into my arms, though not without some apprehensions, as the dog watched me most narrowly, and not knowing my good intention towards it, seemed ready to fly at me; but (I suppose upon seeing me handle it gently, and offer no violence to his mistress) contented himself with only keeping a strict eye upon, without offering to hurt me. But the little girl redoubled her cries, and called out, "Don't take *Tommy*, for mamma will want him when she gets up, you must not have *Tommy*." I promised her I would not take him from them, but only wanted to help her mammy up. But finding it impossible to lift her, or in any degree bring her to herself, I was going to return to the house with the child in my arms, to call for assistance: but the faithful dog, upon seeing me walk away with the baby, came after me full speed, and had I not immediately returned and replaced him upon the poor woman's arm, would certainly have bit me. I then fetched my servants, who between them carried her into the house, though not till after they had secured the dog, for upon their first trying to move her, he bit *John* as he was stooping down; but happily taking hold of the cape of his coat, only slightly grazed

grazed the skin. However it made it necessary to confine him from doing any farther mischief, by tying a string round his neck. *Jacob* wanted to have him killed directly, but I would on no account suffer him to be so ill requited for his fidelity. On the contrary, I declare I felt a kind of love and veneration for his attachment to his mistress, and thought his actions might be a reproach to many who boast superior abilities to a dog. To prevent him, therefore, from being any ways misused, I took charge of him myself, and though he is but small, it was as much as I could possibly do to keep him from getting from me, to fly upon the men who carried the poor woman, or *Molly* who had the little boy in her arms. I think, my love, if you could have seen us, it would have melted your tender heart, and made you feel, as you express yourself, *so sick*. *John* and *Jacob* went first with the poor woman between them, and the little girl walking by the side, holding her mother's hand, crying as if her heart would break, and beseeching her to wake and take care of herself, and not be so pulled about. Nor could I possibly persuade her to let go her hand: she always answered to all I said to her, "No they will hurt her, I will go with her." *Molly* walked by them with the baby in her arms, who smiled at the dismal scene, and I brought up the procession walking double to hold the dog  
 by

by his neck from doing any mischief. When we got in doors, I locked up the dog, laid the poor woman upon a bed, and sent directly for Mr. *Leach*, who bled her, and used such other methods as he thought proper for her recovery; but all to very little effect. We enquired of the girl, whether her mammy had ever been so sick before? but could get no satisfactory answer: the only account she gave was, that "*she was not* sick now, only tired of carrying them both so far, for they came *all* the way from *home*, and mammy carried her and *Tommy* too, till she said she must sit down, for she was ready to die: so she sat down, and as soon as *Tommy* began to suck, fell fast asleep on the grass. I sat by her, said she, and made no noise at all, till I had done making nosegays with the daisies, and then I wanted her to get up, but she would not; but she is very well." To hear the poor little creature talk in such a manner of her mammy being *well* at the moment she appeared almost dead, was highly affecting indeed, and no one present could refrain from tears, especially when she added, "She will wake presently I know, for *Tommy* will want some more suck, and mammy always gives it him when he is hungry; he cannot live without it, she says." After the poor woman had been in bed about an hour, and M. *Leach* had with difficulty got some drops down

her throat, she opened her eyes, and said the word *Tommy* two or three times, as if sensible of his not being with her. As soon as the little girl heard her voice, she flew to her, crawling upon the bed, kissed her an hundred times, and told her all that had passed whilst she was *asleep*, as she called it. But her mother either did not hear, or was too bad to take any notice of her. Mr. *Leach* again endeavoured several times to get some more medicine down her throat, and once more she appeared as if coming to herself, opening her eyes, and again speaking the word, *Tommy* ! Afterwards, she said, *Jenny* ! where is he ? O ! what will become of you both ? After this she was again silent, and in about half an hour expired. To express what I felt upon this melancholy occasion is, I assure you, *impossible*. The little girl began to grow tired of strangers, and very impatient for her mother to take her. *Tommy* too, as she said, wanted her sadly, and upon our offering to feed him, his sister told us, that would *choke* him, for he never eat any thing but mammy's neck, he was too little to eat. In short, my dear, the scene is not to be described ; and, as you said upon visiting old *Mary Grey*, I felt very *uncomfortable* and *unhappy* indeed. Upon examining the poor woman's pocket, I found a letter to inform her of the death of her husband, by a fall of a piece of timber as he was at work

in



in the Dock-Yard at *Portsmouth*, about a fortnight before, and when I enquired of the little girl where her daddy was? she said, "A bit of wood tumbled upon him, and broke him to pieces, till he was quite dead." She likewise said, they were going to take a walk to see him; but as he had been dead so long that must be some mistake. She said her mammy's name was *Jenny Sprigs*, and she used to wash almost every day when they were at home. But where that home was I could not learn, as she gave it no other name than that of *home*, and the direction of the letter was torn off. The woman had likewise a bundle with her, in which was a shift for herself, and a clean cap and apron, two little shifts, and two little gowns, and in a piece of rag three shillings and six pence, the whole I suppose she had to support herself and children. *Jenny*, soon after she was put to-bed, cried herself to sleep, but the poor little boy never ceased crying the whole night. I felt no inclination for rest myself, therefore took the charge of him, but finding it impossible to pacify him with victuals, the next day I found a woman who was willing to nurse him, and who promises me she will take great care of, and use him tenderly. The little girl I shall keep in my own house, unless I should find any of her relations who want to have her with them; but I don't suppose that is very likely to happen; for should I be able to

discover any of them, they in all probability would rejoice at having her so well provided for. She says she was three years old last *birth-day*, but when that was she does not know. She appears to be of a sweet tractable disposition, and as if with proper cultivation she would be very sensible and clever. You can't think how melancholy she was for the first fortnight after her mother's death! she is now beginning to be rather reconciled to her situation, and plays about, though she frequently bursts out a crying for her own mammy, whom she wants to see sadly, she says, because she loves her dearly. She goes every day with me to see her brother, and appears very fond of him. He is a very fine child about five or six months old, and I hope will soon be able to be weaned. I think after this account of the manner in which my time has been taken up, you cannot wonder at my not having written sooner; for indeed my thoughts have been so fully employed with the melancholy scene before me, that I have had little inclination hitherto to take up my pen. I dare say you will think with me, that having two poor little helpless children left in so unprovided a state, was enough to engage my attention, as also a fresh lesson to inspire me with gratitude, when I reflect, how much happier circumstances it has pleased the Almighty to place me in. For had this poor woman

man not been obliged to walk, and carry her two children, it is probable she might still have lived to protect them; as Mr. *Leach* seems to think her illness was brought on by over fatigue. How thankful then, my dear love, ought we to be for such distinguishing mercies, and how should the reflection upon the sufferings of our fellow creatures, stop every discontented murmur we are ever tempted to utter upon trivial disagreeable circumstances, convinced that we deserve no greater indulgence than they do, although favored with them; but unless we are careful to make all proper returns we ought; *favored* to very little purpose, as we may assure ourselves, we shall be called to a severer account than those to whom little has been delivered. That you, my dear girl, may at all times, from drawing just reflections from what passes before you, be led to act wisely, and with becoming gratitude to the Great Almighty Giver of every good gift, is the constant prayers of her, who feels herself happy in subscribing herself,

*Your sincere Friend and affectionate Aunt,*

MARTHA BARTLATE.

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 L E T T E R   L I V .

Miss SEAMORE to Mrs. BARTLATE.

DEAR MADAM,

**I** INDEED began to wonder you did not write to me, and was just sat down to send you another letter, when I received your long one of the dismal story of Mrs. *Sprigs*. I could not help crying as I read it; but I am very glad you sent it me; for when I cry for those sort of things, I feel very different to what I do when I cry because I am not good, (but I don't often cry upon that account now.) I am very glad however, that I was not with you when it happened, for I should have been *sick* indeed if I had seen her. I can vastly well fancy you all walking across the field into the house, and I think your back must have ached in leading the dog: pray don't forget in your next to let me know what is become of him, for you gave no account about him after he was locked up, when first you got home. I beg you will not forget to tell me. I don't wonder poor little *Jenny* should cry about her mother; it must be a sad thing to lose her in such a manner, and be left only with strangers, who, for what she knows, may be cross and ill-natured

natured to her. Poor little thing! I wish I could see her, I would tell her that she need not be afraid of being with you, for I am sure you will use her very kindly, and make her as happy as possible. I should be glad, Ma'am, if you would send me an account what sort of a girl she is; whether she is tall or short, or fat or thin, and what colour her hair is, and whether she can read or not. I beg you will be very particular, for I want to know all about her sadly. *Betsy* intends giving her one of her dolls when she comes to you; and I am making a new frock and cap for her. My mamma desires I will tell you, that she intends bringing my sister next *Monday*, if you are not otherwise engaged. I wish I was coming to stay with you too, but we cannot both forsake my mamma at once; besides, I am afraid I shall not be able to stay with you for a good while; for Mr. *Foot* says, I have neglected my dancing lately: and I must not leave home for some time, my mamma tells me, till I can be without my dancing for a little while and not forget it. Your bird continues very well, though if you knew what had lately happened, you would think I was a careless nurse again. But he is quite recovered, and as well as ever: I will tell you what I mean. One day last week, when I cleaned his cage, I put his water glass in the wrong way, so that he could not get a drop.

The



The poor thing hopped about, and looked very sick, but as I saw he had water and feed enough, I never thought what was the cause of his illness, till one day *Tom* told me the bird's water-glass was broke, for he saw a hole on one side. I took it down to look at it, and then found how I had served the poor little creature. I was so sorry you cannot think, to see him look so extremely bad, and hardly able to hop, because I had been so careless. And when I turned the glass, he did seem so rejoiced, you would have been surprised to have seen him: he took thirteen sips without stopping, and would have gone on longer, only my mamma advised me to take it away, and not let him have so much, for fear it should burst his crop and kill him. I gave it him again in about half an hour for a little while, and did not let it stay in the cage till he appeared satisfied. He began to grow better soon after he had had the first draught, and by the next day hopped about, and seemed as well and merry as ever, and has continued so ever since. Having now told you this piece of news, I must conclude, not having time to add more than that,

*I am, dear Madam,*

*Your affectionate and dutiful Niece,*

HARRIOT SEAMORE.

LETTER

## L E T T E R L V.

Mrs. BARTLATE to Miss SEAMORE.

I N omitting to take any farther notice of faithful *Toby*, (for that is his name) I certainly was guilty of an unpardonable neglect; for his behaviour has rendered him well worthy of all proper respect. When first we came home I shut him in the back parlour, that being the first place I came to, where I thought he would be safe. But he made such a terrible howling and scratching he might be heard all over the house; and *Betty* not knowing of his confinement, opened the door to see what was the matter, he instantly made his escape, and soon found his way up stairs into the room where his poor mistress was in bed. Upon the sight of her, he appeared overjoyed, and yelped, and jumped about, wagging his tail with all the pleasure it was possible for a dumb animal to discover. We tried to no purpose to keep him off the bed, for every time he was put down, he as constantly jumped on again, and finding he would do her no harm, we at last suffered him to remain in peace there. Upon her taking no notice of all his signs of joy he expressed

expressed at seeing her, he walked quietly to her face, and after licking it, set himself down, watching her very attentively : he every now and then walked round behind her head, setting first on one side, then on the other, licking her cheeks with his tongue every time he moved. Nor would he be tempted to leave her by the sight of victuals, till he was again obliged to be taken away whilst she was put in the coffin, lest he should bite those who moved her. After she was nailed down, he again watched his opportunity, and once more got into the room. I did not see how he first behaved ; but when I went up, I found him lying upon the top of it, where he continued till she was carried away to be buried : he followed her to the church-yard, and after she was buried, scratched the earth with his feet, as if trying to uncover her ; but finding that out of his power he returned back, and excepting when he is with little *Jenny*, walks about the house and garden, smelling the ground in the manner dogs always do when seeking for something they have lost. He has also returned several times to her grave, and appears as if determined to find the coffin, as he constantly renews the toil of scratching, and has made a very large hole, which I have had filled up three times, and he as many, has dug it up again. In short, his attachment to his mistress is most remarkable :

I have

I have frequently heard of such fidelity in dogs, but never was witness to such an instance before; and though he is very ugly, and as mean a looking, cur as ever you beheld, I feel quite anxious to render myself agreeable to him, and stand as high in his good graces as the friend he has lost; and the more he rejects my profered favors, the the more valuable I think his attachment must be if attained. To little *Jenny*, he seems to think himself bound to shew every sign of affection, and as if he considered himself her only protector, watches her with minutest care, nor ever stirs from her whilst he can find her in the house. I think I have now made ample amends for my past omission on this subject, and was it not that I know your heart is possessed of great sensibility and tenderness of feeling, should be apt to suppose, that before this time, you would be so tired of hearing of *Toby's* merits, as to wish him hanged before you was troubled with them. I will now proceed to answer your enquiries as minutely concerning little *Jenny*, who, as I told you before, says she was three years old last birthday; but if she is no more, let her birth-day have been when it would, she is a very fine tall girl, neither very fair or brown, but of a good healthy complexion, with grey eyes, and brown hair, which hangs in good natural curls down her neck: upon the whole, she certainly may be called

called handsome: and I assure you, she holds up her head in such a manner as might shame many little girls who have had great pains taken with their education, and much money spent to teach them to dance, and carry themselves gracefully and genteelly. As for her working and reading, she has not much notion of either, having never been taught; but I dare say she will very soon be able to do both, as she seems to be clever, and takes great pains to remember all the instructions I give her. She shews signs of a sweet disposition, and I flatter myself, will in time repay the care and pains I shall take with her. You say you are glad you was not with me when I first discovered the poor mother in that unhappy situation in which I found her. I admire, my love, that sensibility of heart which makes you feel so acutely for the distresses of your fellow creatures. But, my dear, like all the other passions of the mind, you should be careful not to carry this tenderness to too great an excess; as by so doing, it defeats its own end, and renders you incapable of affording that assistance to the afflicted, you otherwise might have it in your power to bestow. Had your mamma, for fear of being made *sick* or *unhappy*, by attending to the misfortunes of *Mary Grey*, refused to visit her, she might still have continued in that deplorable situation you found her, or herself and children perished



perished for want of real necessities. How much kinder, therefore, was it to go and bestow that succour she wanted, than if out of *tendernefs* she had refused to visit and attend to her. And though the scene which I passed through the other day, was one as melancholy as can well be supposed, still did not the active part I took in it (by being more beneficial) discover more humanity, than if upon sight of the unfortunate little family, I had ran away, and either left them to perish, or trusted them to the care of the first parish officer, whose bosom perhaps might be a stranger to every tender feeling, and consequently not so likely to treat them with that care I trust they received in my house. Do not think, *Harriot*, I mention this in any degree out of ostentation, or to magnify my *own* merits, for to no one but yourself should I think of speaking of it; and to you I do, to endeavour to convince you, how *necessary* it is we should disregard our own feelings, when the indulgence of them will prevent our being useful to others. The emotions I felt upon taking the little sleeping infant from the breast of its dying mother are not to be expressed: neither am I at all ashamed to own that I even shed tears at the sight of the dumb affection expressed by the faithful dog towards his mistress. Those who can behold unmoved such tender scenes, must be possessed of hearts too nearly resembling brutes to engage my esteem.

“ *Not he who can't shed tears, but he who can,*  
 “ *Shows a great soul, and proves himself a man.*

Think not therefore, my love, that by cautioning you against indulging yourself in always flying from distress, that I mean to recommend a callous or unfeeling disposition; for sorry indeed should I be, to find you possess so inhuman, unpleasing a temper. All that I would be understood to say is, that in this, as well as every other instance, it is our *duty* to render ourselves the most serviceable we can, and do what is *right*, whether the performance of it causes us present pleasure or pain. And believe me, however it may wound our sensibility at the *time* of beholding distress, yet the reflection afterwards of having been enabled to mitigate the sufferings of a fellow creature, and in any degree restore them to ease, either in body or mind; affords *such* a satisfaction, as can no ways be imagined by those who have not been happy enough to experience it. The Almighty has been graciously pleased to bestow upon virtue (even in this present world) some reward, as a small foretaste of what it shall receive hereafter. For how insipid are all the pleasures of this life, compared with the inward satisfaction which arises from the reflection of having done our duty, and made God our friend? I do not say, that goodness will secure us from  
*outward*

outward calamity ; for oftentimes the best of men endure the heaviest of sorrows, but, as Mr. Addison makes his Cato say,

“ These are not ills, else would they never fall  
 “ On heaven’s first favorites, and the best of men :  
 “ But God in bounty, works up storms about us,  
 “ That give mankind occasion to exert  
 “ Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice  
 “ Virtues which shun the day, and be conceal’d  
 “ In the smooth seasons, and the calms of life.”

That you, my dearest love, may, by an uninterrupted course of goodness and virtue, secure to yourself that peace of mind which passeth all understanding, but which ever resides in the bosom of the just, is the constant ardent prayer of

*Your truly affectionate Aunt,*

MARTHA BARTLATE.

## L E T T E R LVI.

MISS SEAMORE TO MRS. BARTLATE.

**T**HANK you, my dear Madam, for your last obliging letter. I don’t wonder you should like *Toby*, let him be as ugly as he will ; I am sure I should be much fonder of him, than

of a little beauty Miss *Snip* has got, which she carries about in her arms all day long, but is the crossiest beast I ever saw in my life: he growls and snaps at every body that goes near him, and some times bites even Miss *Snip* herself: but I do not much wonder at him, for his mistress sets him no better example; for she is as cross as the dog can possibly be. I should think she must be very unhappy, for she scarce ever appears pleased, and always likes every thing her brothers and sisters have, better than her own things. We went to play with them the other day, and I was quite surprised to think how the whole day through, she kept upon the *fret* and *grumble*; and so she always has been every time I have seen her. They had got a good many pictures, which a lady had given to be divided amongst them, and Mr. *Snip* had looked them over, and given five large and five small ones to each of them. Miss *Snip*'s I am sure were as good and pretty as any of them; but she said they were not *half a quarter* as pretty as all the others, and called them *naughty frightful dabs*, not worth looking at. She had a doll too, as much like her sister's as two dolls could be, and dressed exactly the same. But that she likewise found fault with, and said its eye-brows were not half so prettily shaped as her sister's. In short, she did not seem pleased with any thing she had. Her work-bag she called an *odious silk*,  
nothing

nothing near so handsome as *Kitty's*; and the drollery of it was, that she *had* changed with her sister, because she then liked it best; but the moment she got it, she wanted the other back again, but then *Kitty* would not change any more. When we eat some cakes which Mr. *Snip* gave us, she chose one before any body else, and after she had it, wanted to change her's with her sister, because it was burnt. So *Kitty* very good-humouredly let her have her's: but that did not content her, for it was not so good a one as she expected, and wished again to have her own back. Her mamma then told her to be satisfied, and enquired if it was not her *own* choice to change? Yes, said she, but I did not know what kind of cake this was, if I had, I would not, for I liked my own best, and I think it is *very hard* I may not have it back again. Mrs. *Snip* only said, you are a filly child, and took no farther notice; but *Kitty* eat up what she had without any farther changing. Many more such instances happened in the course of the day too tedious to write; but I think what I have already told you, will make you think as I do, that she is not very happy. I am afraid the world is very wicked, for I think I know a number of bad children, and but very few who are as good as they should be. I am very glad that your new little girl is one of that number: I



am much obliged to you, Ma'am, for the description you was so kind as to give me of her. I want much to see her, for I have formed her in my own fancy as clearly as can be. I am likewise greatly obliged to you for your good advice about helping people in distress, and will try not to mind so much my own feelings; but I don't know *how* to help it, indeed I don't. This morning our cat, I fancy, thought the parlour window was open, and bounced in through the glass, a piece of which stuck in her eye, and she squalled sadly. I was running out of the room as soon as I saw what terrible pain she was in, but recollecting your letter, I thought it would be kinder to help her, as nobody else was there to do it; so I went back again, and pulled it out; but *indeed* I trembled so I could hardly do it, it made me very sick, and I could not help crying afterwards, as much as if I had *hurt*, instead of helped her; but I am glad I did it, as you say it is right. I have just taken another sheet of paper, with an intention of filling it, but I find I have mistaken an hour, and my music master is already come: I must therefore leave off directly, scarcely having time to subscribe myself,

*Your dutiful Niece,*

HARRIOT SEAMORE.

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 L E T T E R    L V I I .

Mrs. BARTLATE to Miss SEAMORE.

V E R Y unhappy indeed, I think, must Miss  
*Snip* be, as she evidently proves by her  
 dissatisfaction and dislike of every thing she pos-  
 sesses, and though I am no prophet, yet I will  
 venture *confidently* to pronounce, that *very unhappy*  
 she will *continue* throughout her *whole* life, un-  
 less she conquers so foolish, so *wicked* a disposi-  
 tion. I scruple not to call it *wicked*, since *ill-*  
*nature*, *discontent*, and *envy*, (all which, by your  
 account she seems to possess in a great degree)  
 are vices most highly displeasing to the Almighty,  
 and strictly forbidden by his holy word. I don't  
 know how it is, but there are numbers of peo-  
 ple, who would not upon any account be guilty  
 of stealing, or bearing false witness against their  
 neighbours, because contrary to the law of  
 God, yet scruple not in the least to destroy all  
 the comfort of their fellow-creatures, by their  
*petulance* and abominable *ill-temper*s; although *kind-*  
*ness* and *gentleness* of manners are as strictly com-  
manded

manded as the others are forbidden. Nor are we left alone to direct our steps in this particular by bare *precept*, for our Saviour whilst on earth set us a constant *example* of it, during the whole time he condescended to converse with men. By omitting, therefore, to follow that example, we offer him the greatest affront we possibly can be guilty of. And yet, how many are there, who never seem to consider the regulations of their *tempers* as any part of their christian duty; but go on day after day, year after year, *fretting* and *grumbling* at all around them, with the same unconcernedness as if Christ had not left *kindness* and *benevolence* to *all*, as a test of our being his disciples; and even declared, that at the last great day he will acknowledge none for such, who have not manifested their *love* and *duty* to *him*, by *kindness* towards their *fellow creatures*. People would therefore do well to consider this most important truth, and not flatter themselves, that they are in any degree excused, by saying, It is their *way*, and their *temper*, and they cannot *help* it. For if their *way*, and their *temper*, is wrong, they are as much bound to correct it as any other vice whatever. A person may as well plead they *cannot help stealing*, or *cannot help getting drunk*, as that they *cannot help being cross* and *ill-natured*. No one, I suppose, commits any crime without some temptation, and if the tempta-  
tion

tation proceeds from our own hearts and *internal* feelings, it is the more easily conquered, as we may fight against it at any time, without even the fear of being *laughed* at by our tempter: a *foolish* fear, which I believe keeps many from forsaking their sins, after they are convinced of their dreadful consequences. But besides the *future* punishment awaiting this, in common with all other crimes, how totally do those guilty of it rob *themselves* of all comfort and peace; for what enjoyment is it possible they should have, whilst *fretting, scolding, and grieving* at the errors or mistakes of others? Most truly do they resemble the fabled dog in the manger, who would neither eat himself, or let an hungry ox partake of the meal, except indeed, that I think it is rather an affront offered to their race, as I do not believe there are many of so churlish a disposition amongst them; they will snarl and growl to secure the bone they themselves want, but seek not to prevent others tasting of enjoyment. The most unhappy person I think I am at present acquainted with, is Mrs. *Clang*; not that the troubles she has been hitherto tried with, have been superior to those most people have to encounter; but her wretchedness proceeds from her own uncomfortable disposition, which never lets her either be at rest herself, or suffer those beneath her roof to be so. Her children, instead  
of

of being able to *love* and *reverence*, only *fear* and *despise* her. Her husband from finding his home so disagreeable a place, seeks for that comfort abroad which she prevents his enjoying there: whilst her servants, tired with her continual, undeserved blame, grow careless of her approbation, since they find it impossible to gain it: hence those that are worthy and deserving of esteem, chuse not to stay with her; and she is attended only by those who are too bad to get employed elsewhere, consequently, her business is but indifferently executed: this affords fresh matter of uneasiness, and the coolness of her husband and children compleat her misery. But to what is this to be attributed? To her *own fretfulness*, which has unavoidably rendered her the object of universal *contempt*. This contempt stings her to the soul, and yet she has not the resolution to remove the cause of it. Indeed *now* it would be a most difficult undertaking, as the longer any habit has been indulged, the more troublesome it is to conquer, even so as to be next to *impossible* totally to subdue it. But in the days of our youth, my love, whilst our minds are yet flexible, and ready to take any impression, the case is widely different: and we may then, by proper care, bring ourselves to almost what temper of mind we please. But the misfortune is, young people will not be persuaded of this, and they  
are



are not to be convinced, that if they do not *then* exert themselves to acquire good habits, both of body and mind, they will, when grown to be men and women, have great cause to repent of their folly : for should they then have ever so much inclination to reform, they will find infinitely more trouble in so doing, as all their passions will be grown stronger and more rebellious, and from the custom of having done wrong so long, they will almost have forgot *how* to perform what is right. I do not pretend to say, that people have *never* forsaken any vices when grown to maturity ; but I believe there scarce ever was an instance of a *bad temper* becoming a good one, after it had been indulged for any number of years : at least I never heard of one. The cares of life multiply every year in proportion as we grow older ; little reason, therefore, is there to expect, that she who when a girl, is unhappy because she likes her sister's *doll* better than her own, will not, when a woman, be wretched, because she will fancy her *children* so. And if now a *picture* and a *work-bag* excite her envy, no doubt but the sight of finer *houses*, *cloaths*, or *carriages*, will, in advanced life, be productive of the same uneasiness, though to a far greater degree. Unless, therefore, young people will endeavour to acquire good-humour, and to conquer every pettish inclination whilst they *are* young, there

there is little reason to hope that when grown up, they will either enjoy much happiness themselves, or afford any comfort to those with whom they are connected. Earnestly, therefore, my dear girl, endeavour to regulate your temper in such a manner as may engage the love of your earthly friends, and secure the approbation of your heavenly master: which last consideration, people are too apt to neglect, flattering themselves, that if they keep clear of *great vices*, all the little acts of kindness and affability may be omitted. But whoever may think so, is much mistaken; and I apprehend, all who by their *crossness*, *petulance*, and *ill-nature* destroy the comfort of those with whom they live, shall (by a God who delighteth in the happiness of his creatures) be as severely punished as if they had been guilty of those more public crimes, which *human* laws would think necessary to condemn. Mr. *Shepherd*, whose cheerful kindness you so much admired whilst at your grand-mamma's, took great pains to fix this important truth upon my mind when I was very young. Whoever (he used to say) would wish to be happy, *must* be good: *good* in *every* sense of the word; and not only keep clear of those crimes which the *world* will see and punish, but also practice all those little acts of kindness, which will please, and in any degree afford comfort to our fellow creatures. We are placed in this  
world

world, as in a state of trial to our several virtues; and in the world to come, we shall be either rewarded or punished, according as we have behaved ourselves: but no one will be thought to have behaved as he ought, who has not endeavoured by every word and action to promote the happiness of all. Whoever, therefore, is *cross*, and *quarrelsome*, and speaks *unkindly*, and *refuses* to do every little action in their power to help others, is *extremely* naughty; is *very* wicked, very displeasing in the sight of God, who wishes to have all mankind happy, and to that end, has given us such rules throughout the scriptures, as, if we do but obey, will certainly make us so at last. Children should therefore consider when they *snarl* and *snatch*, speak *cross* and refuse to help one another, or lend their play-things to each other; that however little they *think* of it, they are guilty at such times of *real crimes*, such as will (unless they forsake them) rob them of all peace and comfort in this life, and make God angry with them. Always, therefore, remember to *speak* and *do* to others as you like to be *spoke* and *done* to. And if at any time you feel yourself growing angry, recollect, that by suffering it to break forth either into ugly words, or unkind actions, you will be guilty of a crime very displeasing to God: whereas, by suppressing your resentment, and by hold-

ing your tongue, till you have enough compos'd yourself to speak with mildness and good-humour, you will be gaining such a conquest over your own heart, as he will behold with pleasure: and the good effects of which shall last through the whole of your present life, as well as be rewarded in the next. In this manner did that worthy, good man persuade us and his own family to cultivate good-nature; and the happy effects of following his advice, you every day experience in the kindness of your mamma, who always endeavoured to practice whatever instructions were given her; and by doing so, she became that truly amiable woman, you now behold her. Imitate, therefore, my love, her example, and try by every method to render yourself as perfect as possible. When you read any book containing good advice, do not, like some silly children, neglect to follow it, because it was not written *particularly* for you, but endeavour as much as in your power to *remember* what it *teaches*, and to *practice* what it *advises*. If the author sets before you the characters of those who are good, follow their example (as far as your circumstances will admit) and be good likewise. If on the contrary, vice is held forth to your view, remember it is not by way of pattern, but that you may observe its deformity, its bad effects, and carefully *avoid* treading in the same steps. And

if

if children would but be persuaded to follow these few rules when they read, they would find the advantage much greater than they can suppose. Instead then of reading (as parrots talk) without any thought or reflection, they would grow daily *wiser* as well as *better*; nor would they only know how to conduct themselves with propriety, but also have it in their power to instruct those who were not able to be otherwise informed. That you, my love, will earnestly try to make this use of your books, I am well convinced, since you at all times discover a desire of improvement, and are not too conceited of your *own* wisdom to follow the advice of your older and more experienced friends, amongst whom, no one with more sincerity desires to be numbered, than she who now subscribes herself,

*Your affectionate Aunt,*

MARTHA BARTLATE.



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 LETTER LVIII,

MRS. BARTLATE to Miss SEAMORE.

I WAS called away from my last letter before I had time to commend you as I intended, for your ready compliance with my advice, in relieving the *distressed*; although it was but the distresses of a *cat*. I assure you, I think you deserve great praise for your exertion of yourself upon that occasion, and do not at all wonder at the effect it had upon you. An humane heart must always feel for the sufferings of another, whether that *other* is partaker of the *same nature* with ourselves, or only of life and feeling, as all organized creatures are. And the person who can delight in the sufferings of the smallest animals, discovers a *brutish* and a *bad* heart, and would doubtless behold, with equal pleasure, the pains of a fellow creature, was it not that *shame* or *fear* kept him from discovering his principles. I do not by this, mean to say, that every one who can kill a beast, or an insect, would for that reason slay a man: for to pretend to feel prodigious emotions upon such occasions, discovers the highest degree

degree of *affectation* and *folly*. All I mean is, that to *delight* in tormenting them, and keeping them longer, than absolutely necessary in the agony of death, shews great want of feeling; and is a sign of a cruel disposition, not very likely to regard much the sufferings and afflictions of its fellow creatures. I think you was guilty of rather an omission in your account of pufs, neither to inform me whether it was my old friend *Flip*, or some of her descendants, who met with the unhappy accident, and not to mention how the poor creature did after you had so manfully assisted it, and whether it has lost the sight of its eye or not. I last night had the pleasure of spending the evening with Miss *Locket*, who has been absent from home for the last seven months, upon a visit to a relation of her father's, who lives in *Cornwall*. After such a long separation from her parents, you may judge of all their joy at meeting again. She is, if possible, improved since she left them: I do not mean more than she would have been had she remained at home; for she is one of those *few* who are very good indeed, and who daily endeavour to improve themselves in every accomplishment, as well as to acquire fresh knowledge, and store their minds with useful learning. What a pity it is that more young folks will not be persuaded to do so likewise; but as you observe, there are but few in

comparifon of the whole who behave as they ought; and a melancholy confideration it is, that the world fhould be fo wicked. Neverthelefs, we muft not lofe our charity, or condemn all thofe with whole virtues we are unacquainted as wicked, fince they may poffibly have many merits unknown to us. But however, let the world in general be bad as it may, the crimes of others will be no excufe for *us*; and the more it is, the more reafon have we to be upon our guard, not to be corrupted by it, and to endeavour to guide others in the right way by our example. You, my love, have fufficient opportunities of being informed of your duty; and woe to any one fo informed, who is not careful to *practice* it! Much wickednefs is doubtlefs committed in the world; but we are ignorant from what caufes it may arife. Some, no doubt, are wicked from their own choice, and becaufe they *will* be fo; but numbers there are, who fall into error through the neglect or bad example of their parents and teachers, and fuch deferve our pity, though we cannot but abhor their crimes. And if Mrs. *Snip* fuffers her daughter to *fret*, be *difcontented*, and *change* her cake, and every thing fhe don't like, without taking any farther notice than telling her fhe was a *filly child*, it is not to be wondered at, if fhe fhould continue to *practice* thofe ways, which will in the end prove fo *fatal* to herfelf, and fo disagreeable

disagreeable to every body who knows her. The method taken by Mrs. *Snowby* was so widely different, that I cannot forbear telling it you, but must defer it till some farther opportunity, as your sister now claims my attention whilst she reads. She desires her love to you, and her duty to your papa and mamma: to whom likewise, I desire you will not forget my love. And believe me,

*Your's, as usual, most affectionately,*

MARTHA BARTLATE,

## L E T T E R L I X.

Miss SEAMORE to Mrs. BARTLATE,

HONORED MADAM,

YOU cannot think how pleased I am that you think I did right about the cat. It was indeed poor *Flip* who made the mistake, and came through the window, I suppose it was owing to the dimness of her sight that she did not see the glass; and I am afraid she will not see better now, as she has quite lost the sight of that eye the glass stuck in, and the other has been  
 very

very weak ever since. The poor thing don't seem as if she had been quite well ever since, for she lays still all day, and eats very little. I dare say her head aches sadly, and the light appears to hurt her much—But I cannot tell you any more about her at present, for I have a nice long piece of poetry to write out for you, and I shall not have time to get it done this week if I don't begin. But I must first inform you what was the cause of its being written. Last *Monday* I went with my mamma to Mrs. *Round's*, and I had my best frock on; and as I was at play, I tore it; but as I knew mamma was not like Mrs. *Keptlow*, and would not be angry when I had not been guilty of any crime, I did not much care about it, though I was sorry for the accident. But the next morning she said, I must mend it, and that I did not like at all, for I hate darning: so I cried. My mamma looked at me, but did not say any thing about my crying, only told me, she insisted upon my doing it. She then went up stairs, and afterwards sent me the following poem by *Betty*. It certainly was very foolish to cry about such a thing, but as it was the cause of my mamma's writing such a pretty letter to me, I can hardly tell how to say I am sorry.



*SAY* why, my love, that melancholy air?  
 Why is thy face so overspread with care?  
 The cause so trifling of thy dire distress,  
 But very trifling, if the cause I guess;  
 So trifling, that I fain wou'd hope thy mind  
 Would disregard it, and be quite resign'd.  
 But I mistake! those tears sure never flow,  
 From what I thought to be thy source of woe,  
 For sure my girl would ne'er be so cast down,  
 Merely because she chanc'd to tear her gown!  
 This, my dear love, I think can never be,  
 The cause of so much trouble unto thee;  
 Thy noble mind, I'm certain, wou'd disdain,  
 To weep at nothing but imagin'd pain.  
 E'en real sorrows thou wou'd'st nobly bear,  
 And scarcely think them worthy of thy care;  
 Regard them but as trifles, which annoy  
 A moment's peace, but don't that peace destroy.  
 But why, my Harriot, is thy cheek o'erspread,  
 Whilst thus I speak, with that so crimson red?  
 Why is thy blushing face so turn'd aside?  
 And wherefore seek'st thou that sweet blush to hide?  
 Is it that sacred conscience, ever true,  
 Whispers my praises are not all thy due?  
 And that thou know'st thy bosom now doth feel,  
 Emotions that thou'dst wish not to reveal?  
 Speak, my lov'd girl, is that the cause, my eye  
 With so much industry thou seek'st to fly?

Or is it that thou find'st me so severe,  
 The truth to publish, fills thy mind with fear?  
 But this, I'm sure, can never be the cause,  
 Nor need'st thou tremble at my rigid laws;  
 By love alone it is I chuse to sway,  
 And 'tis thro' love I wish thee to obey.  
 My joy is thine, I wish to see thee find  
 The ceaseless comforts of a steady mind:  
 I wish to see my girl each blessing share,  
 Which she can purchase in this world of care;  
 And hence it is, I offer thee my hand  
 To point to bliss, and hence thy love demand.  
 But with the voice of love, thy love I ask,  
 Nor would I have my precepts be a task.  
 Oh! I would wish thee always to esteem  
 Thy mother as thy friend; nor ever deem,  
 That her commands are meant t'enslave thy mind,  
 Or keep thy youthful sallies too confin'd.  
 No, my dear child, thou know'st I cou'd not bear,  
 The thoughts of thy obedience drawn from fear.  
 My mind abhors to act the tyrant's part,  
 To rule the body, but enslave the heart.  
 Far more indeed ambitious is my soul,  
 Than to sit down with such a mean controul.  
 As well I might the chairs and tables rule,  
 And like a baby keep a mimic school  
 Of things inanimate, as only sway  
 Thy body, if thy heart recoils away,  
 And thou, thro' fear alone, my word obey.

To rule thee thus thy mother don't desire,  
 Thy heart, thy heart alone doth she require :  
 Thy ductile mind, she wishes to impress,  
 With the true love of real happiness.  
 And hence arose the cause, my dearest know,  
 I ask'd the source of this your present woe.  
 I saw thy youthful mind was in distress,  
 Because alas ! thou'dst discomposed thy dress,  
 I saw thy grief, and sorry was to find,  
 Such little trifles could disturb thy mind.  
 I thought thy noble soul had learnt to rise,  
 Above such troubles, and such ills despise.  
 Nor did I think thy frock alone could call  
 Such briny tears, adown thy cheeks to fall.  
 But 'tis enough,—disperse them now, my dear,  
 And for a moment lend a list'ning ear.

Know then, my child, those tears should never flow,  
 From sources thou'dst not like the world to know.  
 Those tears were lent thee, for to aid thy mind,  
 When griefs too powerful to be kept confin'd,  
 Rage in thy heart, and rob thy mind of rest,  
 Then the still tear which will not be suppress'd,  
 Rises unbidden to thy languid eye,  
 And bursting forth fresh vigour will supply.  
 Thy mind discharged, again new strength will gain,  
 And thus reliev'd, will triumph over pain.  
 Likewise those drops, I sometimes joy to see,  
 When forth they gush from sensibility.

Delightful

*Delightful source of every bliss below !  
 Delightful height'ner of each joy we know !  
 O ! may thy breast, my dearest girl, ne'er be,  
 Ever devoid of sensibility.  
 Nor need'st thou then those tears attempt to hide,  
 Which ought to be thy glory and thy pride.  
 But when from trivial accidents they flow,  
 They then a littleness of mind do shew ;  
 Proclaim aloud how poor, how weak thou art,  
 When acting thus the meereſt Infant's part.  
 They can but cry when they are once displeas'd,  
 And smile again, when they again are eas'd :  
 The only language this, which they can use,  
 In them we therefore may such tears excuse :  
 But when from those whom rational we deem,  
 Such briny riv'lets so profusely stream,  
 Contempt we mix with pity, whilst we see  
 Them so involve themselves in misery.  
 Go then, my child, this folly now give o'er,  
 Acknowledge that thou'st err'd, but wilt no more ;  
 Acknowledge that for once thou'st been to blame,  
 And from henceforth the rising tempest tame.  
 Go then, my child, remember thou wast born,  
 To look on trifles with a virtuous scorn.  
 Thy youthful soul should take a nobler flight,  
 And pressing forward to the realms of light,  
 Disdain all passing evils that molest  
 The little mind, which fops to be distress'd ;*

*Whilst*



*Whilst the magnanimous and truly great,  
 Despise all evils of their present state;  
 E'en large misfortunes, they with courage bear,  
 And lean securely on Creative care.  
 They know whatever ills and storms arise,  
 Still that Great Power, who is alone all-wise,  
 Who doth the tempest with its terrors arm,  
 Can in a moment all its raging calm:  
 Can quick command affliction's storm to cease,  
 And speak the troubled mind again to peace.*

*Go then, my child, and still whate'er thou do,  
 With steadfast step fair Virtue's path pursue:  
 In each event still let her be thy guide,  
 Nor for a moment deviate from her side;  
 In each event her still small voice attend,  
 And let her be thy first thy dearest friend;  
 Follow her steps, and she will tread that road  
 Which leads thro' nature up to nature's God.*

*Go then, my child, and may the Lord of love,  
 Pour down his blessings from his throne above;  
 May he vouchsafe to guard thee with his care,  
 And lead thy footsteps from each dang'rous snare,  
 'Till thou at length shalt reach that peaceful shore,  
 Where care's rough billows agitate no more.*

As, perhaps, if I was to write any more, it might put this pretty poem out of your head, I will leave off, with begging you not to forget to tell me what you had not time to do in your



last, about Mrs. *Snowby*: and with again assuring you, what I can never too often repeat, that I am

*Your most dutiful, affectionate,*

*And much obliged Niece,*

HARRIOT SEAMORE.

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## L E T T E R L X.

Mrs. BARTLATE to Miss SEAMORE.

**T**HANKS to my dear *Harriot* for her last letter. I am much obliged to you for transcribing your mamma's poem, which she was so kind as to compose for you. I think it very pretty indeed, and I doubt not but you will do all in your power to comply with the advice therein given you; and, I dare say, feel not a little ashamed at having so far forgot your usual prudence, as to cry upon so trifling an affliction as that of having your frock to mend: however, as you seem conscious of it yourself, all reproaches are useless, and consequently ungenerous; for the whole aimed at in telling people of their faults,

is to make them sensible of their error, that they may be careful to avoid it for the future. If therefore they humbly acknowledge they have been to blame, there is great reason to hope they will not again transgress in the same manner. Mrs. *Snowby*, whom I mentioned to you in my last, was left a widow at the age of five and twenty, with three sons and two daughters. She was greatly afflicted at the loss of her husband, of whom she was exceedingly fond. But after the first agonies of her grief were a little over, she wisely considered, there was no time to be lost in the care of her children; and whilst she gave way to her own feelings of sorrow, she was guilty of neglecting that important charge, which then wholly depended upon herself. She therefore restrained her own emotions, and vigorously exerted herself properly to instruct her little family. All her sons, and eldest daughter, from their earliest infancy discovered the most tractable dispositions; but the youngest girl very soon began to shew signs of petulance and ill-nature. When in arms she would scream most terribly for any thing she wanted, and would strike and scratch those who contradicted and offended her. As her mother was an exceeding good woman, you may be certain to observe this, gave her much uneasiness; and she took every method in her power to check and conquer it. She very justly thought that if

a child was old enough to fight those who displeased it, it was certainly old enough to receive chastisement for its faults. She therefore immediately began to inflict such punishments as she thought best adapted to her age and crimes, nor ever suffered her to have any thing she put herself in a pet for, or cried about; and if she offered to beat any body she constantly tied down her hands, till she shewed signs of humility and sorrow for her offence. But as she grew older, and able to understand all that was said, her mother urged every argument to convince her of her folly, and to persuade her to behave more becoming a reasonable creature. Corporal punishment was what Mrs. *Snowby* greatly disliked, as like your parents, she wished to govern her children by *love*, and more generous methods: but when she found them ineffectual to influence the conduct of her daughters, she with reluctance was obliged to apply to them; and when she did, it was with the greatest severity, well knowing that slight chastisements of that kind are productive of more harm than good. The account you gave me of Miss *Snip*'s ill-humour about the pictures, brought to my mind an instance of the same kind I was once witness to in Miss *Dolly Snowby*. Her aunt had given a box of *Tunbridge* ware toys to her sister and herself, intending they should equally belong to them both;

both; but they chose to have them divided, and to possess the same number, that they might call their *own*. Accordingly Mrs. *Snowby* divided them equally between them, letting the eldest have the first choice, and then both taking it by turns to chuse, till they were all gone. After the division was made, *Fanny* (the eldest) quite satisfied and contented with her share, went to play with, and enjoy her treasures; whilst *Dolly* with her usual fretfulness, began to grumble, and find many faults with what she had. The coffee-pot was *ugly*, the candlestick too *dumfy*, the chair *fit for nothing*, and in short every toy was objected to; and far from affording entertainment, was the cause of her vexation and discontent. When her mamma observed her behaviour, she immediately rose, and taking them all from her, gave them to a little girl who happened at that moment to be passing the door. Now (said she) I hope another time you will learn to be *contented* with what is given you, otherwise you may depend upon it you shall lose all. *Dolly* began to cry and sob forth "That it was not fair she should be used so, for though she did not like them as well as her sister's, she had rather have them than none at all." Then (replied her mamma) you should have been *satisfied*, and not found fault with, and objected to all that were given you. Those play-things were made on pur-

pose to afford pleasure to the child who should have them, but as they did not do that to you, it would have been a pity they should be so wasted upon you: the little girl who now has them, I dare say will be much pleased with them. Then said she, Why did not you give them to *Fanny*? Because, (replied her mamma) I do not wish to make one sister rejoice at the naughtiness of the other; and if by your bad behaviour she had been so much the gainer, it might perhaps make her wish for you to do the same another time, and that I should be very sorry to be the case with my children. *Dolly* continued crying and grumbling, refusing to play with her sister, or speak good-humoured to any body for some time. At last her mamma told her, she would upon no account suffer her to go on in that manner; if she cried so much about it, she should certainly have some *greater* cause for her tears. And if she was cross she should be shut up by herself, and not suffered to make others uncomfortable by her ill-humour. *Dolly* however refused to take advice till her mamma was obliged to take her out of the room and whip her, and after that insisted upon her staying by herself till she would behave with civility and good-nature to others. By thus constantly watching over all her words and actions, and always making punishment follow those that were wrong, she at length so far



far conquered her natural disposition, as to convince her, how much *better* as well as *happier* for herself it would be, to behave in a different manner; and though things may often happen contrary to her inclination, yet she has learned to subdue her petulance; and if she cannot at once speak with chearfulness, she is silent for a few moments, till she recollects how extremely foolish it will be, by her own resentment to make that serious, which would otherwise pass off and be of no consequence. She is now fourteen years old, and instead of that passionate, fretful, discontented, and consequently *unhappy* being she was, is chearful, placable, and good-humoured. She acknowledges, that now and then she cannot help *feeling* discomposed when things vex her, or she is disappointed of any pleasure she expected: but her vexation she confines to her own breast, and does not by her ill-nature and fretfulness make every person she is near, equally unhappy with herself: her family therefore can converse with her with pleasure, nor longer live in the constant apprehension of being rendered wretched by her malevolence. But perhaps you will say, that Miss *Snip* has it not in her power thus to change her disposition, since her mother takes no care to correct those errors which she every day commits, but suffers her to fret at every thing she dislikes, and change her dolls, cakes, and work-bags

work-bags as often as she pleases. I confess, for such indulgence the poor girl is much to be pitied, and her mother much to be blamed. But still, though she may find reformation a *difficult* work, it is not on that account *impossible* to be effected. Great things may be done by *resolution*; and if a person is possessed of sense sufficient to know right from wrong, they certainly have it in their power to do the right and avoid the wrong, though I do not say it will not require great care and constant attention. But that it *may* be done, Mrs. *Kipfield* is a living instance. She was so unhappy as to lose her mother before she was twelve months old, and was put to nurse, where she continued till she was turned of seven, when she was sent to a boarding-school; and as her father was much engaged in his business, she saw but little of him in the holidays, and was left to the care of whatever maid servant he might chance to have. I would on no account have you suppose I mean in the least degree to speak slightly of servants, when I say they are far from being the proper company for young ladies to be wholly confined to; they may have *many* and *great* good qualities; but from want of education themselves, they are not capable of bestowing it on others, who are to act in a superior sphere of life to that they have always been used to. They have never enjoyed

joyed any opportunities of improving their minds, or enlarging their ideas by reading or observation, having generally been much confined to labour. How therefore is it possible they should with propriety know how to form and expand the minds of others? Miss *Hope* therefore, for such was then her name, left wholly to their direction, and to that superficial care that is taken with children in large schools, was never instructed in the art of subduing her passions, or regulating the defects of her temper: provided she kept clear of doing *mischief*, or giving *trouble* at home, and of being *rude*, and breaking through the rules at school, no care was taken that the *principles* of her actions should be virtuous and and noble. Every little *mean* and *selfish* passion, therefore, had full scope to exercise itself; and if by being fretful and snapish to her play-fellows, she could prevent their asking her to do what she did not like, her end was answered, and she thought her conduct such as it *ought* to be, especially as she was a clever girl, and made proficiency in learning, and was therefore commended by her governess and mistress. With this false opinion of her own merits she left school at thirteen years of age, as her father then thought her education was sufficiently compleat, and she every way capable of being mistress of his house. Only fancy to yourself, my love, a girl of that  
age,

age, so instructed as she had been, and think how improper it was for her to be left to her own guidance without any female friend to protect or advise her. Thus situated, it was not to be wondered at, that every error of the human heart should spring forth and flourish. She was imperious and haughty to the servants, fancying that by so doing, she should better shew her authority: and to her companions she was arrogant and cross; imagining that by being mistress of her father's house, she was of more importance than other girls of her age: whilst from the same cause, to her superiors she was pert and insolent. Her life thus governed by every principle that could deform the human heart, she *was not* (nor was it possible she could be) happy. The servants justly provoked with her caprice and unreasonable commands, were continually leaving her; whilst the character she acquired by her treatment of them, made no new ones very desirous of engaging in her service. Her companions, from finding the contempt in which she held them, and the airs of superiority she gave herself, were not very fond of her society: whilst her pertness to her father's friends made them pay no regard to, or take any notice of her. Thus circumstanced, she found herself *wretched*: she compared her situation with that of other girls, and found upon the comparison the disadvantages



advantages which attended her own. 'Tis true, said she, I have more *liberty*, and may do as I please; but what is the use of that, if it makes me not so happy? And what can be the cause of my unhappiness? I have every thing I want: may go out when I please, and my father is very fond of me, yet I am *not* comfortable. Whilst her mind was thus sensible of its wretchedness, and she *wondered* what could be the cause, she happened to take up a book which strongly represented the ill effects of harbouring pride or ill-nature, and how certainly it would render those miserable who suffered it to influence their conduct. It very truly likewise discovered the great *wickedness* of such a temper, and how much displeased the Almighty would be with those who were influenced by it. On the other hand, it represented the peace upon earth those should enjoy and the rewards hereafter they should receive, who overcame their evil inclinations, and tried to do unto others as they would like to be done unto. Struck with the truth of the arguments, and conscious of her present faults and want of peace, Miss *Hope* very wisely resolved to make the experiment. By the trial she was sensible she could be no loser: if it failed of affording the satisfaction she desired, she would still be but in the same uncomfortable situation as before; and if it answered her expectations, she would be  
 amply



amply rewarded for any pains and trouble it might cost her. She therefore determined to summon all her resolution, and try whether governing her own temper would not procure that happiness she had sought for before in vain. Instead then of speaking imperiously, and with an air of insult to the servants, she addressed them with a tone of *civility* and *kindness*. To her equals she put on that *obliging* carriage which alone can make a person's company desirable: and to her superiors, instead of that *pert rudeness* she had formerly shewn, she behaved with *modesty* and proper humility. This change, though it cost her much care and pains to effect, was amply rewarded by the love and esteem it gained from all who beheld it. Every one with whom she was before unacquainted, admired her for her gentleness and sweetness of manners; whilst those who were witnesses to the alteration, knew not how sufficiently to commend the wisdom she had discovered in making it. All her friends loved and caressed her; her own conscience applauded her, and in the approbation of *that* and their esteem, she found that peace and happiness she was before an utter stranger to. Often have I heard her speak on the subject with tears of joy in her eyes. She blesses the day she first made the happy resolution. And would but Miss Snip make the same, she need not fear its being attended

attended with the same effects. Mrs. *Kipfield* had no other assistance than almost every child may procure; for few there are who have not read some book or other which recommends good-humour, kindness, and humility. And if any one who has, would but set about striving vigorously to put it in practice, I will answer for it they would soon find themselves amply rewarded for the pains they might bestow upon themselves, by that inward peace and satisfaction they would enjoy, as well as by the love and esteem of all who knew them. That you, my dear girl, may never forfeit that esteem, or lose that conscious serenity always attendant upon goodness, is the sincere prayer of,

*Your affectionate Friend and Aunt,*

MARTHA BARTLATE.

## LETTER LXI.

Miss BETSEY SEAMORE to Miss SEAMORE.

DEAR SISTER,

WHEN you was at my aunt's, I remember you used to write us word where you went to, and who used to come to you. So I am going to do the same; only the worst of it is, I write so much slower, that I have not time to tell you all I would, if I could write faster. But we have been to Mrs. *Locket's*, and I did not a bit expect to find Miss *Locket* so tall and like a woman; I knew she was a good deal older than us, but I did not expect she was so old and big: why she is taller than her mamma! I was quite disappointed at finding her so, for I thought though she was older, yet that we should play together; but she was quite a lady, and I could not talk to her at all. I *thought* about my work-bag, but I could not tell how to thank her for it, till my aunt told me; and Miss *Locket* then said, I was very welcome

to it, and she would paint me a coat for my doll if I should like it. I told her I should like it very much; and so she is going to do it. Another day Mrs. *Blunt* and her daughters came, and you might still call them Miss *What-hays*, for they said so every minute. What droll girls they are; and how their cloaths do fit: their frocks were up almost to their chins, and so *coarse* and *ugly* you cannot think. I forget which you thought the prettiest: I think the second is: but she pokes her head still worse than her sister. I am sure you might make a *shelf* of her neck behind, and put any thing upon it; and what arms they have got! I believe they are longer than they ought to be; for when they sit, they hang almost down to their knees, and they look as red as our fatten slips, I am sure: and the eldest, after she had done eating, crammed her fingers into her mouth to pick her teeth. Her mamma asked her what she was about? and she said, "Something sticks in my *tooth*, and I want to *pick* it out." But she did so drawl out her words, I could hardly help laughing. I wish you was here, for I could tell you a great deal about them, but I am quite tired of writing, and I have not yet told you about *Jenny* and *Tommy Sprigs*. We take a walk to see *Tommy* every day, and you cannot think what a pretty fat little boy he is. *Jenny* too is a

nice little girl: she is very merry and good-humoured; and she reads to my aunt every day; and she has began to work: she is hemming a pocket handkerchief for herself: she can tell all her letters, and spells *ba* and *be*, and those little words. And the dog too I must tell you about: he is brown, about the colour of our new cow: his hair does not lie smooth, like a cat's, neither is it ruff, like Miss *Snip*'s dog, but a little *smothey* and a little *roughish*: his tail is the handsomest part of him, for that is very large, something like a squirrel's: his back is very long, and his legs short, so that he looks a good deal like the low bench at the end of the grass-walk in our garden (the one that stands by the great walnut tree I mean). And his teeth are as white as milk. He is very good-natured, and always follows *Jenny* about like a pig. I should love such a dog vastly! Should not you? but I am so tired of writing this long letter, which I have been about two days, that I can write no more, except desiring my duty to papa and mamma, and telling you, that

*I am,*

*Your very fond Sister,*

ELIZABETH SEAMORE.



## D I A L O G U E XIII.

M A M M A and H A R R I O T.

HARRIOT.

**S**HOULD not you be sorry, Ma'am, if you was my aunt, that the dog was so ugly? for I think by my sister's description it must be a frightful beast.

MAMMA. To be sure I prefer handsome and pleasing objects before those that are displeasing; but really, my dear, I don't think if I was your aunt, I should care much about it; and whilst the dog possesses such good qualities, I should value him equally as if he was handsome; though if a *wish* would change him, I do not say that I would not transform him into a perfect beauty that all beholders might admire him likewise: for dogs, as well as their masters and mistresses, will gain friends in proportion to their good appearance; and for this reason it is, that I so anxiously wish you at all times to pay proper regard to your exterior carriage and behaviour; since without that attention, every expence bestow-

ed upon your education will be but thrown away, and the more material good qualification you possess so obscured, as in the eyes of the world to lose all respect, and consequently not be half the service they otherwise would. I once knew a gentleman of unblemished virtue, and of such generosity and unbounded charity, that frequently to assist his distressed friends, he has himself been reduced for some time to the greatest inconvenience. He was a man of learning and great good sense. To the poor he behaved with the kindest humility; and to his superiors with submission. But though possessed of these many and noble qualities, he was always regarded as an illiterate, ignorant, mean spirited man, far inferior to any of his birth and fortune, and was therefore slighted, and even *despised* by all those who were unacquainted with the real virtues of his heart.

HARRIOT. But if he was so exceeding good as you say, why was he so treated?

MAMMA. Because his merits were hid behind so thick a cloud of ungraceful awkwardness, that nobody could possibly suppose he possessed them. Under the absurd idea, that it did not *signify* how people looked and appeared if they were really good, he neglected all those little accomplishments so necessary to distinguish the gentleman from the clown, or untaught ploughman.

Any

Any attention paid to *dress* he esteemed quite ridiculous, and therefore if his cloaths defended him from the seasons, regarded not whether they fitted him, or looked as if bought second hand at an old cloaths shop. *Eating* he esteemed as necessary to support life, and therefore if it answered that purpose, thought it of no consequence *how* it was performed, or whether he used his fingers or his fork: he likewise filled his mouth as full as it could hold, and made such a noise with his lips, he might have been heard many yards distance. When *drinking tea*, he sipped every mouthful in the same noisy manner, and sometimes dipped his bread and butter in it; for if he *liked* any thing, he never regarded how it *looked* in the eyes of others. When he talked, it was in the most displeasing voice you can suppose: I don't mean that every body can speak in what voice they please; but they need not *mouthe* and *grumble* out every word without taking any care to be understood, or to speak as plain as possible. In short, he took no care about any of his outward behaviour, and was accordingly slighted and disregarded by every one.

HARRIOT. But I thought, Ma'am, you said it *was* foolish to pay much regard to your cloaths, or those sort of things. And the other day when I told you Mr. *Spruce* would laugh at you for handing that old blind man across the road, you said,

said, " I don't care who laughs at me, I do my duty, and then people may laugh if they please."

MAMMA. And if you can prove it to be a person's *duty* to *smack* their lips when they eat, *pout* out their mouths, and *mutter* so that they cannot be understood when they talk, take *great steps* and throw themselves about when they walk, and pick their teeth and noses in company, if, I say, such things were in any degree our *duty*, we ought not then to regard the ridicule of the world. But when that is by no means the case, and on the contrary, we are to render ourselves as pleasing as we *innocently* can to every body, why should we not try to gain the approbation, instead of the dislike of our neighbours? The instance you mention of my disregarding Mr. *Spruce's* laughing at me was very different. At that time to give what assistance I could to the poor blind man *was* my *duty*, and upon that account *ought* to be done, though the whole world had chose to ridicule me for handing so deplorable an object. To do to others as we would be done unto, is a positive command left us by our Saviour, and therefore not to be neglected upon any consideration whatever. But to render ourselves disagreeable for *no* cause is *not* commanded, and consequently we have no excuse for doing it.

HARRIOT.

HARRIOT. To be sure that does make a difference; but have not you said, Ma'am, that it is foolish to pay much attention to cloaths, and such trifling things?

MAMMA. To pay *much* attention, I have, my dear; but not to give *any*, I think equally ridiculous. It is not in the power of any one private person to change customs that have been continued and followed by many generations. Otherwise I grant you, I think it would be much more rational and convenient, if our cloaths, instead of being made up of such numberless different articles, consisted of some one garment, that might be put on in less time, nor so liable to be spoiled by every thing that touches, or pin that may tear it. But since you and I cannot persuade every body else to be of the same opinion, we had better conform to theirs, than, by making ourselves *particular*, draw upon ourselves the notice and the blame of every one. If, therefore, gowns and frocks are universally worn, made and trimmed in any particular mode, as there is no more harm in having them cut by one pattern than another, it is ridiculous to effect a *singularity*, since far from being a proof of *superior sense*, it discovers a *wrong judgment*. I don't mean by saying this, my dear, to be understood, as if I thought people should always be anxious to be in the top of the fashion (since  
 extremes



extremes in this, as well as most other respects, ought to be avoided,) but that according to their rank and station they should make their cloaths appear as well as they can; and as it costs no more to pin them on tidily, and mend them if they want it, than to let them hang flatterly and in rags; so it is much better to do it, than under the notion, that cloaths are but external vanities, and therefore don't *signify*, totally to neglect them, and expose oneself to the laughter of the world.

HARRIOT. But did not you say Miss Gay behaved very ridiculously, because she talked so much about her dress?

MAMMA. I did indeed, my dear. And if it is necessary to think so much about one's cloaths as she seemed to do, in order to have them made properly, I had rather they should be stitched together to defend us from the weather, without any farther regard to their appearance. But is there any occasion because when I buy a gown or a cap, I chuse to have them made by the pattern at present used, not those which were worn in Queen *Ann's* time? is there any occasion for that reason, I say, that they must engage the whole of my thoughts, or that I should despise those people whose circumstances will not permit them to be more than barely decent? And that, if I mistake not, was the case with Miss Gay. Several of her  
school-

school-fellows she spoke of with great *contempt*, because they wore stuff instead of silk skirts, muslin instead of gauze, or coloured instead of white frocks. Now though I would have people *see* and *prefer* a genteel dress before a bad or shabby one, yet to think of esteeming a person less because you don't like the colour or make of their cloaths, is surely a true sign of a very narrow, trifling mind. Or to suppose ourselves any ways the *better*, because our gowns are made in the best fashion, evidently proves that we don't know in what *real merit* consists; for no one surely who considers that virtue is lodged in the *mind*, would judge of a person's worth by the texture or trimming of their *cloaths*.

HARRIOT. That is very true to be sure, Ma'am, but I think many people do seem to do so.

MAMMA. Too many indeed, my dear, do. And because the world in general does judge so much by outward appearance, it is that I wish you to acquire a pleasing graceful manner of behaviour, that those who have no opportunity of being acquainted with your *real* merits, may be able to approve of, and admire your conduct. But I would wish *you* to look far deeper than the *outside* for peoples excellencies; and I must confess, that last letter of your sister's did not altogether *quite* please me, since I think she made use of some expressions not so good  
natured

natured as I could wish respecting the Miss *Blunts*. I would have her *observe* and *shun* their rude illiberal method of behaviour; but to sneer at their *coarse frocks*, and *red arms*, was far from kind, as in all probability *they* could not help either. Their cloaths, no doubt, were such as their parents thought proper for them, and consequently such as they ought to be contented with. And comparing their arms to the colour of your pink slips, is a degree of ridicule I am rather surpris'd *Betsy* should be guilty of, as I think she must know it is not right; and they might as well laugh at her because they did not like *her* complexion, or the shape of her face, as she speak slightly of them, because they had not pretty white arms.

HARRIOT. I dare say, Ma'am, she did not think about its being wrong, or she would not have said so.

MAMMA. I dare say she did *not*, my dear; for she is a very good girl, and I am sure will not do any thing she knows she ought not, when she recollects it; her only fault is too great forgetfulness of what is told her; but as she has so good an heart, and is so ready to do as she is advis'd, I have not the least doubt, but as she grows older, she will improve in that respect, and be as perfect as I can wish her. I often tell  
you,

you, you know, that my children are the best of any I am acquainted with; and if others would as much mind what is said to them, they might be as good.

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## LETTER LXII.

MISS SEAMORE TO MISS BETSEY SEAMORE.

I AM much obliged to you, my dear *Betsey*, for your letter. I wish, as you say, that you could write faster, but don't try to do it faster than you can well; for if you do, you must not write at all, my mamma says. I wonder you was surpris'd to find Miss *Locket* so tall, for I am sure I never told you that she played with me. But don't you like her very much? Have you seen the coat she is painting for your doll yet? I dare say it will be vastly pretty, for she draws very well. I wish I could draw as well, but I hope some time or other I shall. Mr. *Shade* told me yesterday, that he thought I improved very fast, and should draw well if I took pains. I am sure if that is the case I *will* take pains; for I shall hate not to be able to do every thing well that is in my power; and you know



our mamma says almost every thing is in our power if we do but try and take pains to excel. I am glad you have seen the Miss *Blunts*, for I wanted you much to be acquainted with them. Are they not droll looking girls? The youngest of all was the one I thought the prettiest, not the second. I could very well fancy the eldest picking her tooth, but I wonder she did not take a pin for the purpose. I once heard her ask her sister to lend her one for that use, and after she had done with it she returned it again; only think how nasty! I could not help laughing at your description of their backs and arms; but my mamma says she was surprised you should so represent their cloaths, and red arms; she says it was not being good-natured, as they could not help the one being coarse, and the other red; and therefore as it was no fault of theirs, it was very wrong to laugh at them. But then to be sure they might put on gloves, and not let them hang so long and so awkward. We drank tea last *Wednesday* at Mrs. *Bounce's*. I can't say I much liked the visit, as Miss *Bounce* had not been good, and so she might not play; but sit still all the evening in a fool's cap; and her papa and mamma talked so much about it, and my papa smiled, and I felt so foolish and uncomfortable about it you cannot think. Then Mr. *Bounce* chucked me under the chin, and said, " I dare say, my love, you



you are never naughty; don't you laugh at that Miss and her fine head?" I wished him to hold his tongue, for it was *so disagreeable* I did not know what to say; so I held my tongue, and felt to colour, and saw my neck look as red as Miss *Blunt's* arms, and I looked *more* like a fool, I dare say, than Miss *Bounce* did, and that was bad enough too. *Tom* was with us, and he did so stare at the cap, as well he might; and he asked, What does that girl wear such a cap, sticking up like the steeple of a church, for? Then her mamma answered, "Because, my dear, she is a naughty girl: don't you think she looks like one. She has got a fool's cap on, because she behaves as if she had no sense; and she has not had any dinner either, I assure you, neither shall she have any supper I can promise her: we will make her good some how or other, or it shall be worse for her. The next time she has any victuals, she shall be glad to eat it, and not spit it in my face; but it shall be long enough before she has any again." She then told us a long history, which may be you will better like to read by yourself, than I did to hear in company, so I will write it you. In the morning she sent the maid as usual to let *Sally* know it was time to rise, and thought that she would get up directly: instead of which, when she went into her room above an hour afterwards she found her in

bed, and upon expressing her surprise at finding her there, *Sally* said it was an holiday, and she was not going to school, and so she should spend it in bed if she pleased. Her mamma insisted upon her getting up, and staid with her till she had her shoes and stockings on, and then left her, telling her to come down directly. But she did not mind, and staid up for another hour. At last she came down in a very ill humour, and asked for her breakfast ; but her mamma told her, as she chose to stay till it was all over, she should not have any. Then *Sally* went out of the room, and returned with a thick slice of bread and butter ; and her mamma said, she absolutely should not eat it till after she had done work. So she tossed it from her, and took up her work, and when she had finished her task, Mrs. *Bounce* gave it to her again, which she snatched from her, and filled her mouth as full as it would cram, and when her mamma told her not to do so, she spit it out directly in her face. And this was the history of her behaviour, and bad enough I think it was ; but I did not want to hear it talked about. After we came home my mamma said she thought she deserved to be very severely punished, but if she had been Mrs. *Bounce* she would not have exposed her to the company for her own sake, as she should be sorry the world should know she had so naughty a child, *Tom*,  
the

the next morning at breakfast, was setting upon the ground, and your cat in his lap, and all on a sudden, whilst he was very quiet and grave, he served her as Miss *Bounce* did her mamma. You can't think how droll it did look, and she scampered away as fast as she could, nor has he been able to make her keep in his lap ever since, so as well as Miss *Bounce* he has been punished for his nasty trick, for he is very sorry she will not stay with him. I think I have now given you a very long and exact account of Miss *Bounce* and Miss *Puss*, and as you say, I begin to grow rather tired of writing, and having nothing else to tell you about, I shall leave off. But pray don't forget to give my duty to my aunt, and tell her I intend to begin a letter to her to-morrow, or the next day, and I am

*Your very affectionate Sister,*

HARRIOT SEAMORE.

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 L E T T E R LXIII.

Miss SEAMORE to Mrs. BARTLATE.

HONORED MADAM,

**I** FULLY intended writing to you last week, but was prevented by a sad melancholy accident, which has happened to my friend Miss *Right*. She, with her papa, and mamma, and brother *George*, were taking a ride last *Thursday* over *Brookly Common*, and were caught in the violent storm we had that day. The coachman got off his box to put on his great coat, and whilst he was standing down, a remarkable loud clap of thunder frightened the horses, and they set off by themselves as fast as they could tear; and going too near some gravel that lay in little hills, flung out of a gravel pit, overturned the coach, and broke *Jenny's* right arm. Mr. *Right* was very much bruised, and Mrs. *Right* had her face sadly cut with the glass, only *George* escaped unhurt. One of the horses was killed by a flash of lightening. The coach was almost broke to pieces, so bad that it could not carry them home, so they all sat in it whilst the coachman

took

took off the other horse, and went for the first he could find, and the footman went for Mr. *Balm* the surgeon, who very happily was in the way, and was waiting for them by the time they got home. The first thing he did was to set poor *Jenny's* arm, and she says that hurt her much more than the breaking it did. It is in a very bad place they say, for it is so close to the shoulder that it is very difficult to keep on the bandage. Mrs. *Right's* face was so much cut, as to be obliged to be sewed up, and she has been very ill ever since, and obliged to keep her bed, which is a sad thing at present, as she cannot see *Jenny* at all, because she too is confined to her bed. None of Mr. *Right's* bruises were of any material consequence, and except being exceedingly stiff and sore, he is pretty well. You can't think, Ma'am, how much it has taken up my thoughts. I have not been able to get it out of my head ever since; and I think I shall always be afraid of being in a carriage, and of thunder and lightening again. I have been out but once since, and I am sure the whole way I sat in *such* a fright: every time the coach moved a little faster, or on one side, I thought to be sure we should be overturned; and if I could help it I would not get into a coach again for a great while. And I am sure I hope we shall have no more thunder and lightening, for I shall be frightened out of my wits

if



if we have, lest it should be as fatal to somebody or other, as it was to the poor horse. I am now going to Miss *Right's*, for my mamma lets me go every day to see her. So pray, Ma'am give my love to my sister, and believe me to be

*Your most dutiful and affectionate Niece,*

HARRIOT SEAMORE.

## L E T T E R LXIV.

Mrs. BARTLATE to Miss SEAMORE.

I AM in momentary expectation of company to dinner, but am very unwilling the post should go out without conveying you a few lines of thanks, for the particular account you was so kind as to send me of your friends unfortunate accident. I do not at all wonder it should wholly have engrossed your thoughts, and not left you leisure to write to me sooner. I should be very sorry if because I express a desire of hearing frequently from you, you should regard your correspondence

as a *task*, necessary to be performed at a stated period, whether you found yourself so inclined or not : for though your letters afford me the highest satisfaction, it is because I imagine them dictated by your *heart* ; and if I could suppose that they were written merely out of *form*, and because you thought you *must* send them lest I should be offended by your omission, I assure you, you might spare yourself the trouble of writing them at all ; nor would it give me any pleasure to receive them as marks of *respect* alone, if they were not likewise tokens of sincere *love* and *affection*. Never therefore, my dear girl, give yourself any concern about not writing to me at any particular time, but write as often as opportunity, and your inclination suit ; only remember, the more frequent I receive your letters, the more frequent will be the returns of my pleasure and satisfaction. And now having settled this point, I must again return to the subject of your letter, and a melancholy one indeed it is. However you must be thankful it is no worse, and that none of the party were mortally wounded. You say you attend Miss *Right* every day : you will therefore now have a still farther proof whether she is worthy of your friendship, as pain and sickness generally discover a person's real disposition more than any other season ; for many who in health and prosperity appear cheerful and good-humoured,

humoured, in the trying hour of sickness and adversity shew, that their serenity depended upon their *outward* circumstances, and was not lodged in their *heart*, since, when their enjoyments are removed, their cheerfulness and good-humour vanish with them, and discover petulance and fretfulness to be the native growth of their minds. On the other hand, if persons under afflictions of mind, or pain of body, retain their accustomed meekness and affability, we may justly conclude that they are good through *principle*, and not merely by *chance*, and therefore wisely consider, that as all events are under the direction of Providence, so it is their duty patiently to submit to them, without murmuring at the hand which appoints them: or *fretting* and *pelting* at their fellow creatures, to whom at such seasons they should be particularly kind and obliging; since they then stand in more than common need of their care and assistance, consequently deserve more than common marks of gratitude and civility. We certainly stand at *all* times in want of each others help, and mutual good offices are necessary to render this world in any degree comfortable; but when stretched on the bed of sickness, we are rendered incapable of affording *ourselves* any succour, what would then become of us, if not watched and supported by the kindness of *others*? What would now become of your little friend

friend if left unattended to take care of herself? How much therefore does it behove us to behave so, as will secure us the affection of all those with whom we are acquainted; and since no one can tell how *soon* they may be deprived of the use of their own strength and limbs, what care should we all take, to gain so much the love of others, as will make them ready to assist us when we shall be unable to assist ourselves. It is amazing to me, how people possessed of any understanding, can be so ridiculous as to value themselves upon their beauty, or external possessions, when they are liable every moment to be deprived of them forever. Ten thousand accidents we are daily subject to, which may at once rob us of all our riches, or spoil the finest face. Mrs. *Right*, if I recollect, was a very pretty woman, but I doubt, after having her face so cut as to be obliged to be sewed up, her beauty will not much continue; it is absurd therefore highly to esteem those things, exposed to such numberless dangers, and which should they even escape *all* accidents, must vanish and depart with youth: most just therefore is the advice of the apostle to "Set our affections on things *above*, and not on things on the *earth*." Out of the short time I have to write to you, I have been interrupted by a visit from Mrs. *Locket*, who desires I will inform you she enquired after you, and should

be

be very glad to see you again. I cannot however conclude without expressing my utmost astonishment at that part of your letter, where you talk of being afraid of going in a carriage, and of thunder and lightening, *because* by means of lightening and a carriage Mrs. and Miss *Right* have been so hurt. By the same rule, my love, you may as well be afraid of ever walking upon your own legs; for greater numbers have fallen in that exercise than have from carriages; but for that reason will you forever refuse to move, and keep fixed in your chair? Nay, even so you may not be safe, for a spark may reach you from the fire, or a giddiness in your head cause you to fall from that, as fatally as from a carriage. It is ridiculous therefore, my dear, to suffer yourself to be alarmed at every *possibility* of danger: and give me leave to enquire, whether you are more liable to be overturned *now*, than you was before Mr. *Right's* coach was? if not, why should you disquiet yourself with fears of what may *never* happen? and which if some time or other it should, your perpetual apprehensions cannot possibly prevent. Exposed to so many accidents as human nature is, we must be miserable indeed, if we live in daily fear of their *all* befalling us, because we are *liable* to all. It is the part of *prudence* not to run needlessly into danger; but it is a sure sign of folly to live in perpetual apprehensions:



hensions : *fear* is an indication of weakness ; how ridiculously weak therefore must that mind be, which is intimidated by every thing around it. But not only does such cowardice discover the weakness of our *understanding*, but also our great want of *faith* in God, for did we rely on him with that confidence we ought, we should feel ourselves secure under his protection, knowing that nothing could have any power to harm us unless permitted so to do by him. Known unto God are all things, my love. Life and death are both alike subject to his command : and if a flash of lightening is made the instrument of our death, it is because the Almighty sees that *method*, and that *moment*, the properest for our departure. Let us therefore, if we would wish to live comfortably, or die happily, so spend our time, that we need not apprehend the displeasure of the Lord, and then we shall have no cause to be afraid either of the lightening's flash, or any other danger. It was this dependance on the Almighty which made *David* say, " The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid ? Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear : though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil : for thou art with me." And thus, my dear child, may you like-

wise be confident, and fear no evil, whilst you continue innocent, and insure your Creator for your friend: *without* his protection no instrument is too small to work our ruin; and *under it* nothing is sufficient to effect it without his permission. Always therefore, my dear, remember this, and you need never disquiet yourself with needless apprehensions of those accidents we are hourly exposed to. Adieu, my beloved child, and may these considerations I have suggested to you be sufficient to quiet your mind, and subdue every fear, but that of offending God. I trust you are too well convinced of the sincerity of my affection for you, to render it necessary to say any more than that I am as usual,

*Yours,*

MARTHA BARTLATE.

## L E T T E R L X V .

Miss SEAMORE to Mrs. BARTLATE.

**T**HANK you, my dearest Madam, for your last nice long letter. I have read it over several times, and am so much convinced of the truth of what you say about not always being in a fright, that I hope I shall soon be no more uneasy either at lightening or in a carriage than I used to be before Miss *Right's* accident. Her mamma is much better, and she continues mending as fast as possible. By the rule you have given me to judge of peoples tempers, I am sure I may conclude she has a very good one; for she has been just as good-humoured and civil all the time she has been ill, as she ever was, and seems much obliged to any body for helping her. When she gets well, she says she will buy with her own money some muslin, and work her maid a handkerchief for nursing her. As I often say, I always find reason to believe every thing you tell me to be quite right and proper, and this has so frequently been the case, that

whether I understand it or not, I conclude it must be so, or you would not say it. Since I received your letter I have had a proof of people being liable to accidents though they never go into a carriage, for on *Wednesday* last as my mamma was coming down stairs, she some how or other caught her heel in the fringe of her petticoat, and fell almost from the top to the bottom: she was sadly bruised, and sprained her right wrist so badly, that Mr. *Balm* says it will be much longer before that gets strong than Miss *Right's* arm. I was in the parlour when she fell, and you can't think how much I was frightened to hear her come tumbling down: when I went to her I thought she was dead, for she was stunned so much as not at first to be able to speak; but frightened as I was, I thought of your letter, and how much we may be hurt only walking upon our own feet. And the day after, as Mr. *Foster* was walking across his room he fell down in a fit, and died before any assistance could be given him; he was in perfect health the moment before, and had been very cheerful and in good spirits all the day. So, as you say, a flash of lightening could not sooner have killed him. I need not therefore live more in dread of that than of every thing else; and therefore I think, indeed, the best way is not to make myself uneasy, but to depend upon God to take care of me,

me, if I am good, and behave as he approves. And one thing which I am sure I ought to be very thankful for is, having such good and wise friends, to instruct and teach me what is right, and in what manner I ought to act to make God love me. And I am sure if I am not good after all the care taken of me, I shall be much wickeder than those children who have not had such instruction. I wish all your's and my mamma's letters could be printed, that others might be taught by them as well as myself, and then Miss *Snip* might learn to be good although her own mamma neglects her; and so might every body else who reads them. I wish I had money enough, and I do think I would have them published; for why should not they? Some peoples are, Lord *Lyttleton's* are, and Lord *Chesterfield's*, and Mr. *Addison's*, and Mr. *Pope's*, and a great number of peoples, and I am sure I don't think they are half so pretty or useful as yours, though I don't know, for I have never read them: but I don't think they *can* be so good, better it is *impossible* they should be; so pray, my dear Ma'am, don't let it be long before I have another to add to my book of them. And after having assured you that I am your most dutiful and affectionate niece, mine will be fit for nothing but to be thrown into the fire. And



now having written a line after saying I am your dutiful and affectionate niece, I don't know where to sign my name, it looks so droll standing by itself.

HARRIOT SEAMORE.

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## L E T T E R LXVI.

Mrs. BARTLATE to Miss SEAMORE.

**I**T has long been observed, that nobody upon earth is strong enough to disregard all flattery, provided it is skilfully administered. I therefore must not pretend to be wiser than the rest of the world: and I must either be that, or else more *insensible*, not to feel pleasure at the satisfaction you express from receiving my letters. I cannot help smiling at your desire of having them published, that they might be of general service to whoever should read them. You forget, my love, that others would not peruse them with the same eye of fond partiality as you do, and therefore upon them they would have no  
more

more influence, than those numerous books of good advice already published. If indeed I could flatter myself that other children would pay the same regard to my advice as you do, and as much try to rectify their conduct when they found they had acted or thought wrong, it would be encouragement sufficient to make me turn author, and employ my time and pen for the good of the rising generation: but as that is not likely to be the case, I will content myself with dedicating my time to your sister and yourself; and if in any degree my age and experience can be the means of warning you from evil, or conducting you in the narrow path of virtue, I shall be amply repaid, and feel unspeakable satisfaction in the thought, that I have not lived in vain, nor spent my days to *no* good and beneficial purpose. And if, my dearest love, you *indeed* wish the advice you think serviceable to yourself could be farther extended, let it be so by your own *good* example; let your own conduct be such that all who see may admire, and wish to imitate so pleasing a behaviour. I cannot help applauding you for the goodness of your heart, in wishing others to be as perfect as yourself: it is a sign of a generosity of disposition that does honor to your nature. But your partiality to your own friends, has made you rather unjust to those authors whose abilities challenge your respect, especially

cially as you acknowledge you have never read them, consequently are totally unable to judge of their merits. Never, my dear, take any opinion into your head without sufficient ground for it, neither pronounce according to that opinion, without considering whether it is just or not. People who act thus are always liable to great mistakes, and subject themselves to numerous inconveniences. I once knew a man of this sort, who always took upon him to judge of the merits of a book from the title page, or at farthest from a few pages; and from the most casual view of a person, he would instantly determine their characters; and having once fixed his own opinion, it was impossible to persuade him afterwards that it might be a wrong one. This brought on him many troubles he might have avoided, had he taken the proper methods to be acquainted with the real truth. One of his neighbours, who lived near him, he, without any just reason (merely because he liked not his looks) took into his head, was a receiver of stolen goods, and therefore not only treated him with that contempt such a one would justly deserve, but also published his own groundless opinions to all his acquaintance, till the poor man's character was entirely lost. At last he had so firmly persuaded himself of the truth of his own surmises, that he obtained a search warrant, and with the strictest scrutiny examined every corner of his neighbour's house.

house. But though all his labour was in vain, and he could find no one single circumstance to confirm his opinion, still he had so deeply settled it in his mind, that he could not prevail upon himself to give it up, and only fancied that the innocent man had still found some means of concealing those things they sought for. His neighbour, provoked by such causeless ill treatment, went to law with him for defamation, and loss of character; and after giving him a good deal of trouble and loss of time, recovered some considerable damages with cost of suit. That is, he was obliged to pay all the expences of the lawyers, not only those who had pleaded for him, but those likewise employed by his neighbour. And what is called damages, is giving a sum of money to the person injured, by way of reparation for the injury received. But though it may be a proper punishment for the offending party, still *money*, as in the instance I am telling you of, can be but a very poor recompence for the injury done. When a person's character is once stained, it is not in the power of any sum, however large, to wash it entirely away; and many people will remember *something* they have heard *wrong* in a person, who will forget, or perhaps never hear that the report was false, and the accused honorably acquitted. We should therefore be very careful never to believe any thing to a person's disadvantage, till we have had very sufficient proof of their guilt, and not only  
our



our fancies, grounded upon some foolish suspicions of our own. Remember therefore, my love, never to pass judgment upon any thing you have not very carefully examined, lest your judgment should be *unjust*, and prove your own want of skill and discernment by your erroneous sentence. I have run my letter to a greater length than I intended before I spoke to that part of your's, which gave me very sincere concern. A sprain I know to be a serious affair, and oftentimes of worse consequence than a broken bone, as it is longer before it recovers its strength. What will your mamma do without her right hand? It will not only be a great loss to herself; but I fear your writing, drawing, music, and working will likewise sensibly feel the misfortune: for though your masters may, when present, give you the best rules and directions, still I fancy the rapid progress you make in every thing you undertake, is not a little owing to the constant watchfulness and pains taken by your mamma: be careful therefore, my dear, not to increase her misfortune by letting her feel the additional mortification of seeing you either not advance, or go backward in your several employments, upon account of her not being able to assist you, but shew by your assiduity how much you remember the instructions she has hitherto given you. My little *Jenny* grows a sweet girl, and is as good as possible; she has, poor thing, quite got over all her troubles, and appears perfectly



fectly happy and contented with her situation. She tells me she loves me dearly, and will never leave me. She seemed so much to have forgot all thoughts of her mother, that I asked her yesterday who she loved best, and had rather live with her mammy or me? She coloured, and the tears came in her eyes at my question, and throwing her arms round my neck, she kissed me, as if fearful of offending, and whispered in my ear, “ I do love you *dearly*, Ma’am, but I *should like* to live with my *own mammy* again at *home*.” I was sorry when I found her so much affected by it, that I had mentioned her mother at all, for it seemed to renew her grief, and several times during the day she spoke about her, and enquired if she should never see her any more? and was distressed at being told she would not: but to-day she has not spoke upon the subject, and is in as high spirits as usual, and at this moment very busy throwing a piece of stick about, for her dog to bring back to her in his mouth. Your sister is gone this morning to see Miss Locket paint, and as I am to be there at dinner, I must take my leave of you to prepare for going, after assuring you that I am,

*Your's, most affectionately and sincerely,*

M. B.

DIALOGUE

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D I A L O G U E    X I V .

M A M M A    and    H A R R I O T .

H A R R I O T .

**I** HAVE had another letter from my aunt, Ma'am, she does not say any more about being afraid of lightening or other things.

MAMMA, I dare say she had too good an opinion of your understanding to think it necessary to speak any more upon that subject; besides, in your last letter to her, you know you told her that you was convinced of the folly of such apprehensions, and therefore did not intend any longer to indulge them. Pray, did you hear it thunder last night after you was in bed?

HARRIOT. Yes, Ma'am, and saw it lighten *very* much. I was going to ring the bell two or three times.

MAMMA. For what, my dear?

HARRIOT. For somebody to come to me.

MAMMA. Was not you well then, my love? did you want any thing?

HARRIOT. Yes, I was *very well*, only it thundered and lightened so *much*.

MAMMA.

MAMMA. But if it did, would any body's being with you have abated the violence of the storm? or should you, can you suppose, have been safer because somebody was in the room with you?

HARRIOT. No, I don't suppose I should have been *safer*, but—

MAMMA. But what, my love?

HARRIOT. But I did not like being alone.

MAMMA. That was silly indeed, my dear, and I think if you gave yourself but time for a moment's reflection you would think so too; for what service could the presence of any or *all* the people upon earth have been of? And if the whole family had been assembled round your bed, could we have had any influence upon the storm? could we have silenced the roaring of the thunder? or have extinguished the flashes of the lightning? Or could we possibly have saved you, if the Almighty had thought fit to slay you? Think, *Harriot*, and answer my questions.

HARRIOT. No, Ma'am, to be sure you could not.

MAMMA. Then, in what respect would you have been safer? or what service would having any body with you been of?

HARRIOT. None, only then I should have had a candle, and not have seen it so much.

L

Mrs.

Mrs. *Rush* says she always shuts the windows and calls for candles when it lightens.

MAMMA. Then Mrs. *Rush* behaves like a very *weak, silly* woman, and I would not wish you to imitate so bad an example. Mrs. *Soft* likewise acts in the same ridiculous manner; nay, she even goes so far, as to lock herself up in a closet, or run into the cellar when it lightens. But can any body suppose they are in any degree the *safer* for such conduct?—Because they hide their eyes does the storm abate its violence, or do they imagine that the lightening will be afraid either of entering the *dark*, or where there is a *candle* burning. People, to be sure, may shut their eyes so as not to *see* it, but their blindness has no more effect upon the *influence* of the lightening, than your turning your head away has upon the blazing of the fire: or than your shutting your eyes when your brother's pinched finger was dressed, had upon the pain he really felt. Mr. *Balm* did what he thought proper just the same as if you had looked at him all the time. And so you may assure yourself, that when God thinks proper to send storms to purify the air and do good to the earth, the lightening and tempest will proceed in just the same proper course, whether we run into the cellar, or set quiet in the parlour, or lie in our beds. Besides, as your aunt says, we are every

every day and hour of our lives exposed to so many accidents and dangers, that I cannot think why people should be more afraid of lightening than any thing else.

HARRIOT. But does not lightening sometimes kill people?

MAMMA. Yes, but not half so often as those things we do every day of our lives. Vast numbers of people have been choaked by their food, but for that reason we do not chuse to refrain from our victuals lest we should be so too. Many have been killed by tiles, and other things falling on their heads, we might therefore as well be afraid of ever passing by a house lest something should crush us, or never venture ourselves upon the water because many boats have been overset. In short, if we expect to be out of the reach of danger whilst we are in this world, we shall be much mistaken, since no corner of it can be found to hide us from harm. It is, therefore very ridiculous to be more afraid of lightening than any thing else.

HARRIOT. But does not lightening sometimes blind people, Ma'am?

MAMMA. It does, my dear, and very strong light is bad for the sight; and I have often found a flash of lightening cause a slight pain in my eyes, when I have been directly facing it. But, as I said before, we have no more



reason to be afraid of it on this account, than of many other things. I have often *heard*, and *believe* that it sometimes does blind people ; but in all the years I have hitherto lived, I never was acquainted with one so afflicted by it : whereas, I have known several instances of persons who have had that misfortune by means of some other accident,

HARRIOT. What other accidents pray, Ma'am, have you known ?

MAMMA. One little boy cutting a stick, his hand slipped and the knife jobbed into his eye. And a shoemaker that I knew had the same misfortune with his awl. One child I was very well acquainted with, who lost her sight by the small-pox : another by a violent blow across her eye by a stick a man was aiming at something near her : and one I personally knew, who in learning to fence had one of his eyes thrust out. A woman I likewise was well acquainted with, caught a cold which settled in her eyes, and totally deprived her of the sight of both. To this list, already numerous enough to convince you that *lightening* alone need not be more dreaded than other things, I may likewise add, the celebrated Mr. *Stanley*, who lost his sight when a child in his nurse's arms, by a blow from a cricket-ball. These, and ten thousand such accidents as we are all every hour exposed to,

to, may serve to convince you of the absurdity of living in the perpetual dread of lightening in particular. I do not pretend to deny but that it is sometimes attended with fatal consequences; and so likewise are other things, but for that reason we cannot shut ourselves up in a ban-box for the sake of being safe.

*WHEN the blue light'nings flash from pole to pole,  
And the loud thunders fright the guilty soul,  
The virtuous breast without alarm may hear,  
Can trust in God, nor feel one coward fear.  
Nor though the torrent and tempestuous storm,  
The beauteous face of nature should deform;  
O'erthrow the stately honors of the wood,  
And deluge all the vallies with a flood,  
Tho' guilt affrighted, flees it knows not where,  
And trembling falls the victim of despair,  
The virtuous heart, in firm and holy trust,  
Unmov'd looks up to One supremely just.  
Knows the same hand which sends the storm, can save,  
And hush in silence the tempestuous wave;  
Can in a moment all its rage disarm,  
And bid each element at once be calm;  
The crackling thunders instant speak to peace,  
And bid the light'nings and the torrents cease.  
The virtuous thus, without alarm can hear,  
Can trust in God, nor feel one coward fear.*

And if you, my dear *Harriot*, know yourself to be good and virtuous, you will know you have no cause to live in perpetual apprehensions lest lightnings should blast, or some other evil overtake you. Every body must die some time or other, and though it is every body's duty to preserve and take what care of their lives they can, still, as it is impossible to ward off the lightning, we may assure ourselves, that it is one of the things in which our care is unnecessary, since though candles may prevent our *observing* it, it will not in the least prevent its effects.

HARRIOT. Then you think, Ma'am, there is no use in having candles when it lightens.

MAMMA. None in the *least*, my dear; and though, as I said before, they may in some degree prevent our observing every flash, I am sure they very conspicuously discover the folly and ignorance of those who sit by them. Let me beg of you therefore, my love, to exert your reason upon this affair, and I am sure you will find no more cause to dread lightning, because it *sometimes* does mischief, than you have to walk down stairs because *sometimes* people hurt themselves by tumbling down, as I did.

HARRIOT. I think, Ma'am, all you say seems to be so very true, that I don't feel as if I should be afraid any more; for last night I thought about my aunt's letter, and did not  
mind

mind it so much as I used to do, and I hope for the future I shall not be afraid at all.

MAMMA. I hope not, my love, for it is a great proof of folly and weakness; I assure you I never knew any one person of whose good sense I had an opinion, that ever appeared afraid of lightening. I don't say I have not known several that have been so; but then they have been those who also in other respects have shewn very evident signs of weakness of understanding and deficiency of judgment. If therefore you do not overcome so simple an apprehension, believe me, my dear, your *sense* will fall much in my opinion, and with sorrow I shall find the idea I have hitherto entertained of your understanding, has been far better than you deserve.

LETTER

## LETTER LXVII.

MISS BETSEY SEAMORE to MISS SEAMORE.

DEAR SISTER,

I HAVE now began another letter to you, but some how, I don't know what is the reason of it, but I have not wrote much I think, not half so much as I intended. I thought I should like writing letters better than I do; and so I should, if I could do it faster, but I am such a long while getting down one side, and my large writing *says* so little, that I grow quite tired of sitting still before I have told you any thing. I have now got to the second side of my paper, and have not yet told you any of the news of this place, so I will begin directly. Miss *Locket* has finished my doll's coat, and you cannot think how pretty it looks: it is upon brown sattin, and there is a border all round it of flowers; rose-buds, and pinks, and violets, and heart's-ease, and a great many more besides. And in the middle of the skirt, there are different



rent bunches of flowers, some tied up, and some not, and a good many butterflies; for she asked me whether I was as fond of butterflies as I used to be, and I told her yes, and so she has made me a fine number, I don't know how many, but I will go and count, and let you know. I have counted them, and there are nine, that is, there are ten altogether, but then one is a little one, almost hid under one of the leaves of a rose. I have now told you about the coat; but the best of all you have not heard yet, and that is, that she has given me a new doll to wear it; and a nice large wax one it is too: it has blue eyes, and the prettiest brown hair you ever saw in your life; but I can tell you no more at present, for I am quite tired of writing, and so pray give my love to *Tom*, and to Miss *Right* the next time you see her, and tell her I am very sorry to hear of her broken arm, but I hope it has almost grown together again by this time. And pray give my duty to my papa and mamma, and my aunt desires her love to every body, and

*I am,*

*Your affectionate Sister,*

ELIZABETH SEAMORE.

## L E T T E R L X V I I I .

Miss SEAMORE to Miss BETSEY SEAMORE.

**T**HANK you, my dear sister, for your letter, I wish, as you say, you could write faster, but as you cannot, I wish you would begin what you had to tell me at first, and not waste all your paper and tire your hand, only in telling me that you shall not be able to write much. I want to hear some more particulars about your doll, what petticoats and shoes she has, and what name you have given her. If you have not fixed upon any yet, I wish you would let it be *Maria*, for I think that a very pretty one; but don't if you like any other better, only as I know sometimes we cannot recollect any pretty names when we want them, I thought I would mention it to you, that if you have not given her one you like better, she may be called so. I have met with a terrible misfortune since you left me. I was with my arms full, having *Flip* in one arm; and the tea board my aunt gave me

me, and all my china upon it in my other hand, and did not see a wooden horse *Tom* had left in the middle of the hall, so down I fell over it, cat, and tea-board, and all. *Flip* jumped away no worse for her fall, but I cannot say as much for the rest of the party, for I knocked the skin off my leg with the bottom board of the horse, for he likewise fell upon his side, and so his ground and wheels stood edgeways, and hurt me sadly: but worse than all the rest, my tea-board was beat out of my hand, and all my tea-things, except one cup and the cream pot, broke *all to smash*, so don't you think I have had a sad loss? but to be sure as my mamma tells me, it is better than if my bones had been broke, or than if I had been cut with the pieces of china, and so I ought to be contented; but I am very sorry, for I liked them much, and thought them extremely pretty. Mr. *Foot* missed his day this week, and did not come till yesterday, and then was in an intolerable ill-humour. May-be my aunt will say the fault was mine, thinking I did not take pains; but really that was not the case; for I took all the care I could; but he pushed my toes into shape rather more like *kicking* them, than any thing else. He asked when you came home; and when my mamma told him the time was not

not fixed. He said, " I suppose she will have forgot all her dancing. Going out does *children* more harm than good! Miss *Seamore* has been out so much that it has hurt her dancing sadly!" I was *sadly* vexed, I know, at his saying so, and wished him to hold his tongue. My mamma said, she should be sorry if we forgot our dancing or any thing else, and if she found that to be case, she should not let us go out any more. I did not intend to send you so short a letter as this, but I must now leave off to go to dinner, and shall not have time to add any more afterwards, and so good bye to you: remember and give my duty to my aunt, and believe me to be

*Your most affectionate Sister,*

HARRIOT SEAMORE.

LETTER

## L E T T E R L X I X .

Mrs. HARCOURT to Miss SEAMORE

**D** I D not I tell you, *Harriot*, you would soon grow tired of your correspondence? I thought there was but little chance a girl of your vivacity and age, would find much pleasure in writing to an old woman. Grandmothers may perhaps be very good respectable *relations*, but they are dismal stupid *playfellows*; and the misfortune of it is, they are not likely to *mend*; but instead of improving, grow worse and worse every day of their lives. It certainly is a mortifying reflection to think, that instead of growing wiser and better the longer we live, we should lose those little perfections we ever possessed, and at last come to be as *helpless* and *senseless* as babies. This I say is a mortifying thought, and sufficient to check the pride of the greatest genius's. But then when we consider, that it is only our *habitation* that is thus decayed and rendered useless, and that upon quitting it the *inhabitant* shall appear unhurt in all its splendor, the same as a fully ripe walnut comes out clean,

M

and



and good, though its outside shell had lost all its beauty, was turned black, and cracked in a dozen places. When, I say, we think of these things, my love, our dignity rises, and our nature appears worthy being the gift of God. You need not therefore laugh at, and despise me for my age and infirmities, for though I may not appear such a handsome and blooming mortal as yourself; may be, I am nearer being as beautiful as an angel; and every body knows they are far superior to mortals. But hold! what am I writing? I seem to have forgot the dignity of my subject, and expressed myself rather too lightly, and *that* I would by no means do, for I do not at all approve of joking upon serious matters; it always gives me an ill opinion of a person, when they speak lightly and irreverently upon those things that relate to God and eternity: matters far too important to be turned into ridicule, or made subjects for *common* and *witty* conversation. How shocking is it to a pious ear to hear people quote the words of scripture, and apply some text to almost every occurrence of life. It is in my opinion a degree of blasphemy, and I cannot help thinking will be punished as such. Whatever you do therefore, my good child, never permit yourself to be guilty of it, or give such undue licence to you tongue, as but too many now-a-days are apt to do. Remember,

member, God gave us the scriptures to be the *light*, the *direction*, and *comfort* of our lives, and *not* as a book of apt sentences, and witty sayings. *Fie! fie!* therefore upon those who make it so; they prove themselves undeserving of the mighty favor bestowed upon them; for is it not a mighty favour for God Almighty to condescend himself to instruct us, how we should walk and gain everlasting life? I wish I could see some of the letters the Misses you are acquainted with write to you; I dare say they are of a more entertaining nature than my grave lectures are; but do all I can, mine will be like myself, stupid and unentertaining. I cannot think of any thing merry to tell you: for was I to inform you that whilst writing to you I am nursing a brood of young ducks in my lap, I suppose you would see no great joke in it: but I wish you was here to take care of them for me, you would do it better than I can, a great deal; and I just now almost broke my back stooping after one, which being brisker than its brothers and sisters, would waddle over the fender under the grate: (for I don't know whether you have at your house, but I assure you I have still got a fire, and set pretty close to it too, I can tell you.) Well! I am a strange stupid old woman to be sure. I began writing to you on purpose to send you a piece of poetry composed by Miss *Lucy Shepherd*, and

just going to close up my letter without it. I have often heard you say you are fond of poems, so if any comes in my way I think you would like, I lay them by on purpose for you. The following one I hope will meet with your approbation. I am no very great judge of such things, but I think it very pretty, especially as I know it was written off hand, in half an hour's time, upon seeing a beggar woman with a child in her arms at the door. Miss *Lucy* was sitting in the window when the poor woman came, or rather *before* the window (I should say) and putting up her feet upon the window seat, so making a table of her knees, with her pencil she wrote the verses I now transcribe you, upon the paper her work was folded in. The dear girl after she had done, was putting them into her pocket, for the private ear of her sister; but her grandfather luckily saw her, and rescued them from so ignoble a fate, by reading them aloud to the company: we were all charmed with the good-natured sentiments they contained, and I begged permission to transcribe them to you. Her modesty was so great, that for some time she refused my request; at length however, upon her grandfather assuring her that they did great *credit* to her *humanity*, and were no *disgrace* to her *genius*, she overcame her scruples, and consented to my sending them

them to you, provided I would promise at the same time to apologize for their faults, by telling you in the hasty manner they were written. And now having fully done that, I will no longer detain you from what will be much more pleasing than any thing I can add, after desiring you not to omit giving my best love to your good and worthy parents, and kind brother and sister, and assuring you, that though I am very old, and my memory begins to fail me, I have not yet forgot your pretty behaviour, nor that I am,

*Your very affectionate Grandmother,*

MARTHA HARCOURT.

## The B E G G A R.

***H**EAVEN bless you ! here your smallest alms bestow,  
 To mitigate a mournful widows's woe.  
 Ah ! lift an eye, my helpless babe to see,  
 And let it taste some kind relief from thee.*

*I ask not much (now bending at your gate,)  
 Nor what can e'er diminish from your state,  
 I ask alone some broken bits of bread,  
 Which may be left when e'en your dogs are fed.*

*For mercy's sake reject not this my prayer,  
 Think of the dainties you so freely share :  
 Think of the comforts that to you are given,  
 And hear me pleading in the name of heaven.*

*E'en for a cup of water I will sue,  
 A cup of water can't impoverish you ;  
 Tho' to my lips parching with feverish heat,  
 It may be deem'd a most luxurious treat.*

*But for my child I do the most implore,  
 That something you'd bestow from out your store ;*

*Of*



*Of every comfort you in plenty share,  
Whilst e'en of covering she is almost bare.*

*Her tender limbs, scarce one sad twelvemonth old,  
Unguarded lay to all the inclement cold;  
Vainly I strive to shield her from the snow,  
For I've no covering left but poignant woe.*

*That as a mantle is around me thrown,  
And as myself, is now familiar grown;  
Ah! sorrows great indeed this breast doth tear,  
Too great almost for human heart to bear.*

*For gentle pity's sake, then lend an ear,  
And for a moment stop my falling tear,  
What you in mercy shall on me bestow,  
Shall comfort yield, when yours begin to flow.*

*The least relief, the smallest bit of bread  
Shall then ten thousand pleasures round you spread;  
As a memorial it to Heaven shall rise,  
And draw a blessing on you from the skies.*

*For thy own sake then, turn not now away,  
Nor at thy gate unnotic'd let me stay,*

*But*

*But send relief,—ah! hear my baby's moans,  
Who with its tears answers her mother's groans.*

*Unhappy infant! hard indeed thy share,  
Born to partake of all thy mother's care;  
Thy little heart unconscious yet of thought,  
Must to endure the sharpest ills be brought.*

*E'en hunger now upon its life doth prey,  
And wastes by slow degrees its frame away;  
At first its form, like gentry's children fine,  
By cold and hunger now doth fast decline.*

*Ah! not those babes which sport around your knee,  
Are to your heart more dear than this to me;  
Think then! O! think, what grief to hear them cry,  
Without the means their hunger to supply.*

*If thou'rt a parent for a parent feel,  
And some compassion graciously reveal;  
Ah! lift an eye my wretchedness to view,  
And let me owe my happiness to you.*

THE END



